CAN WRITERS BELIEVE IN THE FUTURE? . . . . By Louis Adamic

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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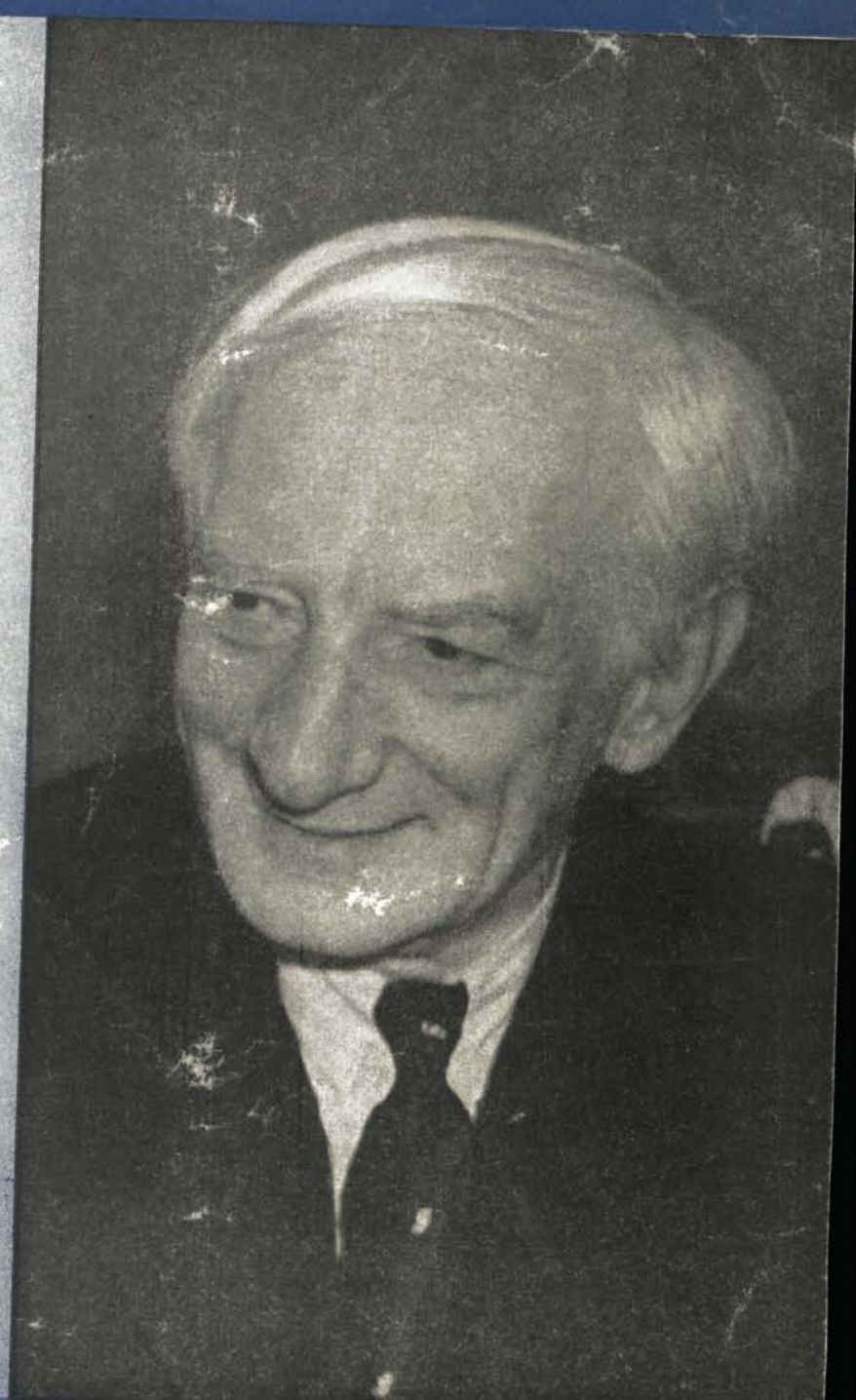

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE has a plan for making peace attractive. (See page 10)

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
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The Saturday Review of Literature

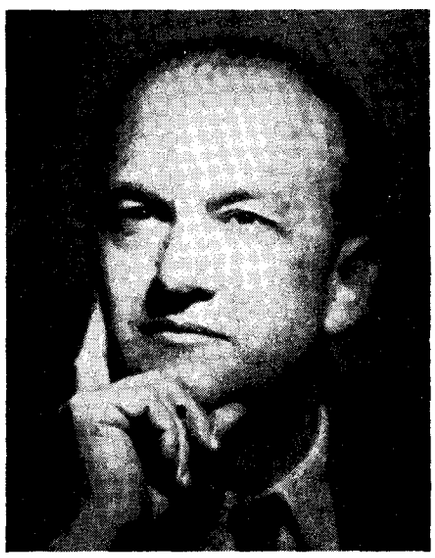
Can Writers Believe in the Future?

LOUIS ADAMIC

ALTHOUGH the material the writer works with comes out of the present and the past, his function is in terms of the future. Every writer worth his salt shapes with himself his own vision of it, and everything he writes reflects that vision. The form may differ: plays, poetry, sermons, speeches, novels, histories, essays, radio scripts; the specific content, the approach, the general viewpoint, and personal characteristics differ even more widely. The work may be laid in the years of the writer's lifetime or centuries before, and its locale may be Main Street or Erewhon. It makes little difference whether it portrays the daily life of simple people or unrolls the panorama of a philosophical or political system. A man says what he has to say the way he has to say it. But it is still his vision of the future.

I am a writer and here is the kind of a future I want. I want a world which moves toward peace, toward the harmonious integration of man with himself and his fellows and surroundings, toward the fullest possible realization of creative potentialities. And I do not know of any other way to get a world like this than by extending democracy vertically in America and horizontally through the world.

Democracy is confusing to think about because it is many things: a system of government; a compromise; a promise; an experiment; a practicable way of living; an idea; and perhaps the highest, most mature conception of human relations yet evolved. Its growth is a long one, reaching down to us through men of many countries, through the ancient Greeks, through Judaic and Christian precepts, through Galileo, Darwin, and Freud, the Industrial Revolution and the French Revolution, and Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, and Roosevelt. It is almost as old as history—and as tales and poems and songs which, like history, are an account of life. In fact, one could say that history records those products of the imagination which have become facts. And the slow growth of democracy goes hand in hand with the shift, in imaginative literature, of



Louis Adamic: "My world has no artificial barriers."

the status of the hero. First the *dramatis personae* were gods and demons, then kings and emperors, then in turn the nobility, gentry, and middle-class. Walt Whitman and the novel of the common man are comparatively recent. And this shift, taking place across several thousand years, reflects the materialization of democracy from an incorporeal mingling of dreams, hopes, and prayers into the concepts documented by such statements as Magna Charta and "The Rights of Man" and then into a concrete political system formulated in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

Democracy rejects the concept of inherent inequality among men, not only before God but before themselves. It accepts and promotes the principle of freedom, of the open chance.

THESE are the first requisites for my future world. How indeed can any writer do his job without at least freedom of expression? But political equality confined to one or two countries is not enough if we are to have peace, productiveness, and integration. My world has no artificial barriers between individuals, classes, nations, or races. Its gradations will grow out of what each man is in himself, what he does, what he contributes to the sum-total of a pan-human culture and civilization.

And I believe such a future can be realized. We are in a state of war—a state concerning whose effect upon the writer's function I shall have more to say in a moment—but it is no ordinary war; it is a global convulsion, an inclusive human upheaval, blasting into every corner, mowing down civilization as well as soldier, infant as well as adult, and touching all aspects of life throughout the world. I am convinced that how we think about the future will affect how we fight the war and that, conversely, our methods of warfare will influence the coming peace. When the war is over, the United States will be the only relatively unexhausted country left, and upon us will fall the responsibility for helping the Old World to its feet again.

Is this enough?

I think we will have missed a tremendous opportunity to share in building a better future unless the United States, where democracy despite its shortcomings has evolved further than elsewhere, rouses the hope, ignites the spark, and provides the guidance for a forward surge of democracy in all countries. But we can do that only if we accept certain premises:

(1.) People's similarities are usually, and underneath everything, greater than their differences. The impulses are the same, the manifestations differ; and in any evalution it is necessary to look behind the latter for the former.

(2.) The same human aspirations and composition which in this country gave rise to our version of democracy exist in the peoples of the world. If the weight of undemocratic procedures were removed, they would develop—with some further aid—a democratic system to implement those aspirations.

(3.) Man has acquired, for the first time, the scientific and technological knowledge with which to produce from the world's natural resources plenty of all material things for everyone; but there is a great lag between these facts and his thinking and feeling about them.

(4.) This country is by blood and

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background a nation of nations, a microcosm of the world, and we have learned a good deal about getting along with people of dissimilar habits.

(5.) The battle lines in this war do not, fundamentally, coincide with national boundaries; they are drawn between people holding two mutually exclusive concepts of mankind: that which recognizes the importance of the individual and that which does not. There are many paradoxes and contradictions; many people do not know really for what they are fighting; others do not perceive to which side they are actually drawn.

If we would approach postwar reconstruction from the standpoint of these five ideas, the political, economic, nationalistic problems could be solved —not without a great deal of effort, but far more easily than is customarily believed; and we could bring nearer the kind of future I hope for.

But every writer claims that hope for his own vision, and we all have our ideas as to just what our job is, just what is our relationship to the world. We would probably agree, not only that any writer who influences many people pulls what he writes out of himself, out of the composite of his temperament, experience, and cast of mind, but also that what he dredges up from his inside exists in everybody else, although in other people it is more submerged or more inarticulate. But our views of the future differ so greatly that the gamut stretches to include Vice-President Wallace's address on "The Price of Free World Victory," Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down," Churchill's war speeches, Raoul de Roussy de Sales's "The Making of Tomorrow," and "Mein Kampf." This last book, born of frustration and a perverted spirit, touches off things which also are already in people—the divisive, destructive emotions and impulses whose alteration into productive forces can be defined as civilization. "Mein Kampf" and its like exhibit a regression into barbarism; they point in the opposite direction from that in which people have traveled, slowly and painfully but on the whole steadily, for thousands of years.

People who see things somewhat as I do will probably agree that such writings lead not to the future but to annihilation because their authors are apart from, or struggling against, the great main forward-sweeping stream of human culture. And I do not mean this in the shallow sense of going along with the crowd. Some books have been way ahead of their time—Stendhal's, for instance, whose value, as he predicted, was not recognized for nearly a century.

But whatever his position in the stream, I think the writer who helps along the transition from present to future is part and parcel of that deep, almost subterranean current made up of common achievements, aspirations, and directions, and that the value, the effectiveness, of his work depends on how completely he flows forward with it; on how close he is to life and how fully what comes out of him into his work belongs as well to his audience. Writer and audience share with the rest of mankind the same basic elements and impulses whose developings and intertwinings, growing according to circumstance at different rates and mingling in different proportions, make of each human being something at once unique and universal. Some people respond more easily to one literary form or a particular style or a general interpretation of life than to others. There is place for as infinite a variety in literature as in life, and in both there is a direct relationship between the visible forms and the root. But the writer does not start out by considering his audience and figuring out what traits he has in common with them; he forgets them for the time being and fishes in his inner reservoir. Often in the actual writing he finds himself giving form and language to what had until then been but vague, fragmentary thoughts or unexpressed tendencies and feelings. And through the accessibility of his reservoir, which includes life, people, and the world insofar as they have become part of him, he does the same thing for others. His is an evocative, a communicative, a unifying function. If he is somewhere in the vanguard of the current, what he writes clicks with his readers, strikes deep into their core, brings into daylight their hopes and longings, and stimulates or strengthens them along toward his—and their—vision of the future.

In 1942, the crucial, all-embracing character of the struggle between barbarism and civilization lays upon the writer a heavy task and a heavier responsibility. His function remains essentially the same as in peacetime, but the emphasis, the intensity, is slightly different. On the one hand the increased tempo and pressures bear down upon him; on the other stands his audience—one great question mark looking for answers.

Americans, generally speaking, do not yet quite know what to think about the catastrophe which has befallen the world. They distrust the old slogans, the old battle cries, even the old words expressing their sublimist hopes: freedom, equality, liberty, justice, fraternity, democracy. Words like these have become encrusted with failure, perversions, lip-service, and double-talk. Americans have a tremendous fund of belief in the future and in the capacity and desire of human beings to build a

(*Continued on page* 19)

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Did Any[illegible] Happen to Emerson's Memory?

M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

THERE is a familiar story about Emerson that when he rose to speak at the Saturday Club celebration of the three-hundreth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, he looked tranquilly about him for a minute or two, and then sat down "serene and unabashed," as his biographer put it, "but unable to say a word upon a subject so familiar to his thoughts from boyhood." Emerson's son, Edward, commenting on this circumstance wrote long afterwards that his father "perhaps forgot to bring his notes with him to the dinner, and so did not venture to speak."

This happened in 1864. Yet, four years later, in the summer of 1868, Emerson gave an extraordinary demonstration of his ability to speak without any notes whatever. He was already sixty-five years old, and in view of the well-known failure of his memory in his latest years, an occurrence of which a contemporaneous account has recently come to light is well worth recording. It shows clearly that the memory Emerson lost was a possession vastly more powerful and exact than thousands of memories which suffer no impairment.

The occasion was a stupendous banquet in the South End of Boston on August 21, 1868. The scene of it was the St. James Hotel, built when the South End was expected to develop as the "made land" of the Back Bay region actually did. It was a huge hotel on Franklin Square, subsequently the home of the New England Conservatory of Music, and now for many years a lodging-house for working girls. The banquet was given—the newspapers of the time called it "extended"—by the City Council of Boston to the Chinese Embassy appointed, with the American Anson Burlingame at its head, by the Emperor of China to further the understandings already established between the governments of that country and of others, including the United States. Emerson was one of the distinguished guests.

Among those who attended the banquet was a journalist of the higher order, William Warland Clapp, then associated with the *Boston Journal*. He was the author of several plays and of a history of the Boston stage. His papers have recently come into the possession of the Harvard College Library. They include a scrapbook in which he preserved his mementoes of the Chinese Embassy banquet. The menu of the feast might well be made a study by itself. From soups to liqueurs it was divided into thirteen parts. Under the single heading of Entrees there were ten items, and under Game, six—woodcock, plover, and snipe among the baits to appetite. Under the heading "Ornaments" there were twelve entries, including a Chinese bastion mounted, a Chinese pavilion, Temple of Liberty, Chinese temple, pyramid of macaroons, crystal fountain on a rock—all far removed from the austerities of Emerson's home life in Concord. In the mere matter of food the banqueter who was not a determined eclectic must have had a digestion of iron.

Emerson was the last of the speakers after the gargantuan feast, of which one may be sure that he partook sparingly. He was also the most sparing of all the speakers in his demands upon his listeners, for his speech was far shorter than any other, excepting the deliverance of Oliver Wendell Holmes in verse.

BESIDES the menu and a number of photographs preserved in the scrapbook I have mentioned, there are two large pages in the handwriting of Clapp. It is on these that the extraordinary instance of Emerson's powers of memory is recorded. It is an instance also of an act of kindness no less extraordinary. Clapp's record of the occurrence was as follows:

In the month of August, 1868, Hon. Anson Burlingame came to Boston as the head of a Chinese Embassy appointed to visit the different governments of the world. Among the festivities was a public dinner tendered to Mr. Burlingame and the Chinese officials at the St. James Hotel, by the City of Boston, Mayor Shurtleff presiding. The guest of the evening, Governor A. H. Bullock, Senator Sumner, Hon. Caleb Cushing, Dr. Holmes, Edwin P. Whipple and Ralph Waldo Emerson were the prominent speakers. I was present and sat with the Hon. George S. Hillard.

—*Woodcut by J. F. Greenwood*

During the evening Mr. Yerrington (for Yerrinton, J.M.W.) who was making the *Journal* report said that Mr. Emerson had been asked for a copy of his remarks, and he replied that as Mr. Clapp had written to him for the manuscript he would give it to him after he had made his speech. At the close of the speaking, Mr. Emerson being the last speaker, I went to him and asked him for the copy. I went with him to the cloak room, where he had left his carpet bag, which was a *carpet* bag of the old style. He plunged his hand into the bottom and brought out a night shirt, brush and comb and tooth brush—but no manuscript. Looking at me he said quietly, "I must have left it at Concord."

It was then past midnight and the reporters had left. I suggested that he could write out his remarks, but he was evidently disinclined to do so. At this moment Senator Sumner came through the corridor on his way home, and I at once told him the predicament in which I was placed, for as it was understood that the *Journal* would furnish slips of Mr. Emerson's remarks, none of the reporters had taken notes. Mr. Sumner instantly joined with me in urging that Mr. Emerson write out what he had said, making the suggestion that the omission of his speech would be equivalent to the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out—and the Senator kindly consented to wait with him.

I got a room that was brilliantly lighted and with pen, ink and paper before him Mr. Emerson began to write the manuscript which is in this book. He had written only a page or two when he said "I must have more light." Senator Sumner who was reading a newspaper looked up with surprise. I procured several candles and Mr. Emerson resumed, stopping at times to inquire of Mr. Sumner, "Is this what I said?"

It was after one o'clock when I took both gentlemen down town. I reached the *Journal* office about 2 o'clock A.M. Mr. Emerson called at the office the next day and made a few corrections.

W. W. Clapp.

Fumbling in his carpet bag for what was not there, doing cheerful penace for his failure to carry out a promise, Emerson appears in this bit of record with a saintly quality of good nature. It is not enough to leave the matter there. How did this midnight scrawl of his fare in the Boston press? The long accounts of the Embassy banquet in the *Boston Journal* and the *Daily Advertiser* for the next day show that

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the printers in two newspaper offices did remarkably well with it. But for an understandable misprint or two, the speech is given precisely as Emerson wrote it out, post-prandially indeed, at the St. James Hotel.

And what of the manuscript he had left behind him in Concord? This is not to be found in the mass of his papers that were in the Harvard College Library before the Clapp scrap-book found its way there. The speech was printed, however, not only in the Boston newspapers, but in a City Document, "Reception and Entertainment of the Chinese Embassy by the City of Boston" which appeared within a few weeks of the great occasion. Exactly as it was printed in this pamphlet, it appears also in the *Collected* Works of Emerson. It is surely a safe assumption that the manuscript left in Concord was the copy sent to the City Printer.

The strangest thing about it all remains to be said—that the divergences between the newspaper version of the speech and the record of it in the City Document, are, up to the final paragraph, almost negligible. The order of the thought, the images, the very turns of phrase, are, except for a few changes at the very end of the speech, of an identity positively startling. If there is any question that Emerson's memory before it began to fail was, as I have already suggested, an implement of the rarest power, this little episode should provide the final answer.

Streamlining the Constitution

A NEW CONSTITUTION NOW. By Henry Hazlitt. New York: Whittlesey House. 1942. 289 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by C. J. FRIEDRICH

"A NEW CONSTITUTION NOW" is a provocative book, well-written and unequivocal. It is a plea for our adopting the so-called parliamentary system of government. From such a change the author expects a decided improvement in our government. Indeed, he considers the present system "anachronistic, inflexible, and irresponsible," that is to say "dangerously inefficient even in time of peace and fatally inadequate for total war." By contrast, a system modelled on the British pattern would, he seems to believe, not be subject to any of these observations. British students of the actual workings of the parliamentary system there have often expressed a different view, as far as Britain is concerned. Indeed, they have assailed the British scheme in almost the same terms. Take for example the judgment of Ramsay Muir, who as a member of parliament had some right to speak of the matter. "There is a growing volume of discontent with the legislative work for which parliament is in theory (but not in practice) responsible—with its slowness and its failure to deal with urgent problems on the one hand; with its slipshod haste and voluminous in competence on the other," Muir wrote in his "How Britain Is Governed." Many others have written and said similar things, including the staid London *Times*.

Hazlitt's plea is therefore compounded of two complementary views: a highly critical estimate of the workings of the American system, and a rather uncritical conception of the British one, both somewhat dated as far as factual data is concerned. A truly objective comparison cannot result from so biased an approach. If you consider both systems with the same degree of understanding and knowledge, their peculiar advantages and disadvantages appear on a roughly comparable level. Both systems at the present time suffer from the fact that they were evolved at a time of relative stability of bourgeois society and the capitalist economy. Neither of them are especially suited to the exigencies of class conflict and world revolutionary civil war. But both have extraordinary capacity for adapting themselves to wholly novel circumstances. Both Britain and America accomplished in a couple of years and under the stress of war what the ruthless methods of the Nazi dictatorship could only bring about in eight years, namely to convert to a highly industrialized peace economy into a war economy. In view of this record the student of political processes will want first of all to ascertain what changes have been taking place in our system before devising schemes of reform, lest he engage in a lot of shadow boxing resulting from his taking rituals and semantic symbols for the realities.

Henry Hazlitt would re-equip the Constitution for modern conditions.

The heart of Hazlitt's program is contained in the three central chapters entitled "A Responsible Government in Outline." In these chapters, Hazlitt provides a blue print of what to him would seem the ideal pattern for tomorrow. It is a streamlined system of cabinet government. Legislative and executive power would be concentrated in the hands of a premier and his cabinet who would be elected by a representative body modelled on the present House, but containing only 150 members. An emasculated Senate (Hazlitt like Bentham does not believe in second chambers) would be largely advisory. The Premier and his Cabinet would take over all but the ceremonial functions of the President, who himself would be elected by the two representative bodies (as the French President was). The Premier and his Cabinet could be overthrown by the representative body; they in turn could dissolve the legislature and call for new elections. The cabinet would initiate legislation, submit it to a legislative council composed of representatives of the two or more parties, who in turn would prepare a report upon it and submit it to the legislature. Such a bill would then be referred to a committee as at present. But these committees would be primarily centers for revising measures. Initiation of bills in the legislature itself would be kept at a minimum. In short "responsibility for legislation must be centered in the cabinet." Hazlitt is opposed to the electoral method known as proportional representation; he would deprive people with government jobs, as well as those receiving subsidies or relief, of their vote. He does not like initiative and referendum, but would provide for recall of the representative under certain conditions. He believes in strict limitation of administrative discretion and hence presumably approves of American as contrasted with British legislative traditions. He is convinced that "the greatest internal threat to parliamentary government today is the excessive interventionism of nearly all governments," and cites with high approval the strongly conservative sentiments voiced by Cassel and other economists of traditional outlook.

In other parts of the book, Hazlitt takes up the numerous objections which might be raised against the adoption of such a system of cabinet

(*Continued on page* 22)

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The Polish Story

WHERE THE STORM BROKE. By Stanislaw Strzetelski. New York: Roy Slavonic Publications. 1942. 257 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

FOR those informed on eastern European affairs this is a fascinating volume. For all Americans it ought to be interesting, instructive reading. It should help all readers better to understand the intrigue, the tangled maze of diplomacy, the cross currents of national ambitions, and the plots and counter-plots which made up the history of pre-war Europe east of the Rhine.

The author is one of Poland's leading journalists. A veteran of World War I who saw fighting with the Polish Legion, an officer of the Polish Foreign Ministry, a member of the Polish Sejm, he has had not only an unusually colorful life but a life which has given him extraordinary opportunities to know what was happening behind the scenes of Europe.

So many of the books written about eastern European affairs have been academic; they have been hard reading. But Mr. Strzetelski has turned out a highly readable volume that has much of the excitement of an Oppenheim thriller. Unfortunately its characters are real, not imaginary. The wearers of the swastika who strut back and forth across these pages are forcing us to use sugar cards, to pay crushing taxes, to register for the draft.

There is ponderous Hermann Goering, for example. At times he seems ludicrous, as when he is feasting with Polish officers on a hunting trip. His eyes are glued on their decorations. "This one I have," he exclaims. "Not this . . . Ah! very interesting, that one. I don't think I have seen it before . . . "

But the Number Two Nazi made visits to the forest of Bialowieza to bag far more important game than the elusive lynx which ostensibly brought him there. Goering was trying to win the Poles over to a great German-Polish crusade against Russia. He failed. The aftermath: the Nazi-Soviet deal, the Reich's attack on Poland, the general war in Europe, the German attack on the Soviet Union, and finally America's involvement in the now global struggle.

The author calls March 7, 1936, "the day that decided Europe's fate." That was the day when Hitler's troops marched into the Rhineland and upset the entire political and military equilibrium of the continent. Mr. Strzetelski's estimate of March seventh's importance has long been this reviewer's. Had Britain and France moved resolutely then, they could have stopped Hitler decisively before his rearmament and political and economic compulsions made him the destroyer of Europe.

In paying his respects to all those who wittingly or unwittingly helped Hitler, the author denounces that great body of writers and journalists "who, in the years 1933-34, saw in Hitler only a clown and who, by prophesying the early collapse of the Third Reich, stilled the vigilance of Europe."

—From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.
Nazi Benevolence

How well those short-sighted people aided Hitler! And how bitterly and often those who attempted to point out the growing power of the Third Reich were attacked!

We in America can have little conception of the suffering of the people in Poland, of the demoniac destruction wrought there by the German armies and the sadistic minions of Himmler. This book throws needed light on a corner of the world that is all too dark today. The author has done a good job. And the new publishing company has made a worthy start.

The 1943 Victory Book Campaign will be launched on January 5 in Washington, D. C., with the presentation of the first book by President Roosevelt and the second book by Elmer Davis. The campaign will run until March 5. The aim is to collect millions of books for the men in the armed forces. Campaign slogans for 1943: "Give more books; give good books."

THE MERMAID AND THE MESSERSCHMITT. By Rulka Langer. New York: Roy Publications. 1942. 372 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

WARSAW, the City of the Mermaid, the first city to feel the full force of Hitler's war, was the beloved home of Rulka Langer. It was here she was born and grew up happily surrounded by a host of jolly relatives; from its School of Commerce she won a foreign scholarship that brought her to Vassar; home again she found work in the Warsaw branch of the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency, married her boss, and brought into the world her two delectable children, George and Ania. In 1938 her husband went to Philadelphia as Trade Commissioner expecting her to follow with the children in three or four months. But the deal she stayed to consummate dragged on, then came the blitz, and it was not until 1940 that the family was united over here. In the meanwhile she had lived through and shared passionately all the horrors, terrors, pride, and humiliation of her adored city's heroic defense and heartbreaking surrender. More clearly than any account I have read she makes you see and feel what it is like to live day after day and night after night in a besieged and bombed city—what it means to nice, sensitive, intelligent people like you and me. "To the average person, I think," she says in her introduction,

> war horrors come pretty much like the pangs of child-birth. At first, in spite of apprehensions, life still goes on, almost normal, with all its little trivialities. Then comes the pang: wild, screaming, inhuman. You think you'll never stand it—yet you do. It passes—once more you are yourself. Trivialities reappear. Another insane, unbearable pang.....And yet another breathing spell with its tiny but insistent daily cares, its humor and its griefs . . .

When the blitz began Mrs. Langer shipped her mother and the children to Aunt Flika's in the country. But Mother was determined to get back to her own possessions and so she sent her daughter on a fantastic hunt for horses and a driver during which Mrs. Langer was arrested by suspicious women as a German spy. But at last they all got back to the mother's apartment in the stricken city. And there they stayed while the city all around them was rocked by bombs and licked by fires, except for the few nights when they were forced into a neigh-

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boring shelter. In between raids, and sometimes during them, Mrs. Langer stood for hours in food-lines, dashed to the help of her friends, took in refugees, even saw to it that that desperate Christmas should be celebrated with the traditional Polish ritual. The children took it all in their stride and their grandmother went her indomitable way refusing to concede hunger, cold, or defeat even when water and electricity were no more, when the windows had to be stuffed with blankets, and most of their rooms were a shamble of debris. When at last all hope died and the Germans came into the city—"They sneaked in, unobtrusively, in small groups, like thieves"—Mrs. Langer's funds were at a low ebb. A job was imperative. She developed a plan for printing sheets of classified ads for the thousands who were forced to sell their goods to eat. In the burdensome business of gaining the Germans' consent to her plan the last vestige of her respect for Germany's boasted efficiency departed forever. Much more red tape and baffling frustration had to be endured a little later when arrangements had been completed by Mr. Langer for his family to come to America.

It is difficult to be an impersonal critic of a narrative so moving as this. Mrs. Langer writes English with surprising clarity and effectiveness. Her characters are completely real as is her dialogue. She indulges in no heroics or sentimentality, but the courage of individuals and of the city as a whole is bracingly apparent throughout the narrative. There is terror and panic too, but there is plenty of quiet laughter. This is probably not an "important" war book. Certainly it offers no new facts or interpretations. But it will make every woman who reads it *feel* war as no correspondent or statesman can. It will also make it clear why Mrs. Langer is homesick for Warsaw and why she says "Perhaps it *was* hell. But if so, it was my own kind of a hell, a hell I loved with all my heart. It was only for my children's sake that I left Warsaw."

From Versailles to Pearl Harbor

AMERICA AND THE AXIS WAR. By Denys Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. 424 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN

MR. SMITH has written a volume that is timely, sound, and provocative. It stands out in refreshing and distinguished contrast to many of the items that have swollen the flood of war books by correspondents. The author has been an English newspaper correspondent in the United States since 1929— and this book must have been long in the making. It shows wide research and penetrating thought; the style flows vigorously; and the numerous footnotes set a remarkably high standard in relevant and necessary documentation. A decade hence this book should be read and consulted when the majority of its contemporaries will have been junked for paper salvage.

The title is somewhat broader than the subject. Basically this is a study of "American foreign relations from Versailles to Pearl Harbor" with the major emphasis upon our relationships with England. It is to be regretted that the author has said almost nothing about the period from Versailles to the Kellogg Pact, for it is now abundantly clear that Versailles was merely the beginning of World War II—or, at best, the signing of a twenty-year armistice. This reviewer is also disappointed that the author has given so little space to the Spanish Civil War and America's attitude toward that struggle. Is there a more astonishing reversal in attitude in our history? Today the American nation is making a mighty and unparalleled effort to save democracy throughout the world; we are a major factor in the waging of a people's war against fascism. Yet only a few brief years ago we stood by idly and even actively hindered the people of Spain in their struggle against fascism. England did the same and more.

But this book, even with these gaps, has more than enough good and arresting things. It would be difficult to find within brief compass such an excellent discussion of the war debts and their effect upon American international relations. It would be equally difficult to find a more incisive discussion of our various neutrality acts. Throughout the text proper attention is paid to the well-meant but blundering activities of American isolationists and the dismal discrepancy between the policy of the White House and the Capitol—"however loudly the American Administration might bark, the isolationists in Congress controlled the country's bite."

If America is to assume her proper responsibilities in the post-war world we must escape the blunders of the past twenty years. Only a vast education of the American public, including its servants in Congress, can prevent another and probably final plunge into disaster. Mr. Smith has given us a basic and most provocative text for that imperative education.

Political Geography

AN OUTLINE OF POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY. By J. F. Horrabin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 157 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by S. VAN VALKENBURG

THIS book of 157 pages is decidedly disappointing. It may have its use as a guide for people unfamiliar with world geography as a whole; it may even come in handy as reading for a high school student. However, it certainly is not, as the cover wants us to believe, "a brilliant little book . . . virtually a world history" and neither is the author "the most famous map maker in the English-speaking world." The maps are all right in their simplicity but the American cartographer has surpassed by far the map work done in Great Britain and certainly is not willing any longer to take second place.

The book also suffers from the fact that it originally was "An Outline in Economic Geography" and that it still shows those earmarks. The first part (one-half of the book) is the history of transportation rather interestingly written but, of course, limited in scope. Chapter headings are: "The River Valleys," "Inland Seas," and "The Ocean and Land Transport." The second part is a political-geographical discussion of America, the British Empire, Russia, Europe, and the Far East all in sixty-three short pages, followed by a World Plan in five pages. This uncorrelated mixture of two ideas is offered to us as an outline of political geography—indeed it needed courage to write that title.

The book suffers from another angle. It is written by a member of the British Labor Party and shows that constantly. One may have sympathies for that point of view but the treatment becomes very one-sided as only that point of view is stressed. It attacks capitalism wherever possible but glorifies Russia as the "Worker State." Looking for the present pertinent problem of India, one finds only one quotation from Leonard Barnes plus a statement that India is now reverted to the status of a possession, administered by alien rulers with the aid of Quislings. Is that political geography?

Perhaps the criticism of this book is too severe, but it was brought about by the tone of the announcement. As a single book on world problems, seen through the eyes of a British Labor Leader, it has its value.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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The Making of the American Navy

ADMIRAL SIMS AND THE MODERN AMERICAN NAVY. By Elting E. Morison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1942. 548 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR J. MARDER

JOHN PAUL JONES, Perry, Farragut, Porter, Dewey—what American schoolboy does not know something about these naval heroes? Not included in our naval Pantheon and comparatively unknown outside the service is an admiral who had the misfortune never to have come into contact with an enemy. Yet, in the words of the *New York Herald Tribune,* William Sowden Sims (1858-1936) "influenced our naval course more than any other man who ever wore the uniform." This is the thesis of the recently published first biography of Sims, the distinguished work of Mr. Elting Morison. It is beautifully written, characterized on the whole by admirable balance, and is based on a wealth of secondary and primary source materials, above all the Sims papers.

The United States Navy of 1900 was in a sorry condition. Matériel was obsolete, fleet manoeuvres were practically unknown, there was a dearth of personnel, officers were promoted entirely by seniority, the gunnery was miserable, and the bureau system of naval administration—"independent authority with undivided responsibility"—hampered the proper coördination of the work of the bureaus. Other things were amiss. Bold reforms were needed. Enter Sims. At thirty-nine, in 1897, he was a lieutenant who had shown no exceptional promise. The turning point came with his appointment in that year as naval attaché to France. Sim's three years on the continent revealed to him the backwardness of the American Navy, particularly in gunnery and ship design, as compared with the British, French, and *even* the Russian Navy. Sims had discovered his mission in life.

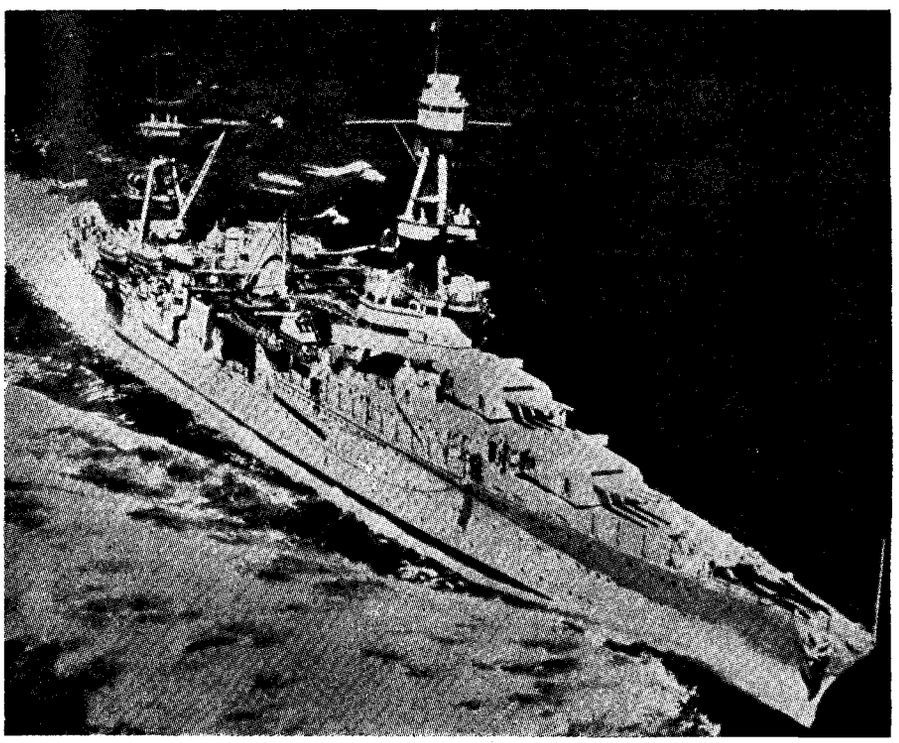
Sims lacked the broad concepts of sea power of a Mahan, but he was a great technician, tactician, and administrator. His achievements were many. He taught the Navy how to shoot (1901-1909) through the adoption of improved training methods, better gun sights, long-range battle practice, and the development of fire-control. He was largely responsible for the introduction of the *dreadnaught* type of battleship after 1905, in the face of a powerful opposition led by Mahan. He continued and successfully completed the struggle begun by Luce and Mahan to put the War College at Newport on a sound basis. The practical value of giving the higher officers an intellectual training was finally admitted by the service.

He developed important new destroyer tactics when commander of the Atlantic Destroyer Flotilla (1913-15). Closest to Sims's heart was the campaign to improve naval administration by the establishment of a General Staff to serve as the responsible advisory body of the Secretary of the Navy. Never wholly successful, Sims and his friends did see an important advance made in 1915, when a Chief of Naval Operations was appointed. As Commander of the U. S. Naval Forces Operating in European Waters, 1917-1918, he played a significant role in the adoption of the convoy system and in the coördination of British and American naval plans. He was the ideal man for the job, since he coöperated easily with the Admiralty.

Retired in 1922, Sims never became an extinct volcano. He fought to improve education at Annapolis, "the worst school in the world" (1927) to ensure a better system of naval promotion, and, as early as 1921, to spread the theory of the vulnerability of surface vessels to air power and that the aircraft carrier was the capital ship of the future.

Among the best features of the book is the clear and delightful picture of Sims the man. That he was not always successful in his crusades was partly due to his uncanny knack of antagonizing opponents needlessly ("I always want to cut my opponents' hearts out"), and to his inability to win a strong hold over the public. Another good feature is the author's stress of Sims's indebtedness to high-ranking British naval officers (Fisher, Scott, Jellicoe), and to the older generation of American naval insurgents, especially Luce, Taylor, Key, Fullam, and Fiske. Although the latter are given credit for working along the same lines as Sims, research on their careers, as well as on those of men like Wainwright and Sperry (the former is mentioned passingly, the latter not at all) might modify somewhat Mr. Morison's perspective and some of his conclusions. It may well turn out that these officers carried an even greater share of the burden than credited with by Mr. Morison, and achieved more behind the scenes than the younger officers were able to do through their press campaigns and testimony before congressional committees. The author's support of Sims's charges of naval maladministration in 1914-1917 is not too convincing. A good case could be made out for the Benson-Pratt policy, which was hamstrung by the reluctance of public opinion to take preparatory measures in 1914-1916. Sims himself once admitted, "Democracy tends towards war and militates against proper preparation for it."

These criticisms detract little from the excellence of Mr. Morison's work. This biography of a great American who did as much, at least, for the "poor old Navy" as any other officer can be recommended without reservation to all who would understand our Navy.



—From "Sea Power and Today's War."

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THE BEVERIDGE REPORT: "NO TIME FOR PATCHING"

THE much-discussed and widely acclaimed Beveridge Report is now available in this country, having been published for general distribution by special arrangement with the official British stationers.* Apart from the record time in which the 175,000-word report was whisked into print and into the bookstores after having been flown to this country on December 4, the enterprise and acumen of the publishers in bringing the report before the American people entitle them to special commendation.

Any attempt at a measured or comprehensive evaluation is obviously impossible at this time; it is as yet *ex hypothesi* as a document and can be judged fully only by the future to which it addresses itself and for which it seems to hold such bright augury. Even assuming its acceptance by Parliament (the instantaneous and wholesome response by press and public would seem to leave little doubt concerning its passage, in its main particulars, if not in toto), the plan's first year of operation would not begin until 1945.

Yet the fact that the Beveridge Report is in the nature of a coming attraction should not detract from praise for it as an achievement *per se*. Even the most tenacious pragmatist will have to admit that the report represents the longest step yet taken by any nation in this war towards giving its citizens some ideals to live for alongside the ones they are being asked to die for. As Sir William writes in his report, "Now, when the war is abolishing landmarks of every kind, is the opportunity for using experience in a clear field. A revolutionary moment in the world's history is a time for revolutions, not for patching."

This last quotation serves as the first of three guiding principles which underscore the Beveridge Report. The second principle holds that "Want is only one of five giants on the road of reconstruction and in some ways the easiest to attack; the others are Disease, Ignorance, Squalor, and Idleness." The third principle grows out of the belief that social security is the product of coöperation between the State and the individual: "The State should offer security for service and contribution. The State, in organizing security, should not stifle incentive, opportunity, responsibility; in establishing a national minimum, it should leave room and encouragement for voluntary action by each individual to provide more than that minimum for himself and his family." The least common denominator of all three principles is that the plan represents only a limited contribution to an even wider social policy—"Though as something that could be achieved now without waiting for the whole of that policy. It is, first and foremost, a plan of insurance—of giving in return for contributions benefits up to subsistence level, . . . so that individuals may build freely upon it."

In sum, this is a pay-as-you-go, self-sustaining plan to destroy poverty, since, according to surveys analyzed by the report, from three-quarters to five-sixths of those suffering from want were placed in that position through interruption or loss of earning power. Those surveys established once again that man does not live by bread alone, that over and above his subsistence needs there is a vast margin for incentive, that the problem is more one of opportunity into which the incentive can be poured than it is of eliminating the will to work once food and shelter are guaranteed. The Beveridge Report proposes through its system of social insurance and allied services to regard food and shelter as the basic minima of a State's responsibilities to its people, much in the same way the State or local government accept the responsibility for the water supply and police services.

Isn't this socialism? You can call it that if you wish, but it is more accurately the logical (and inevitable, if democracy is to survive) extension of government planning into an area where free enterprise is unable to do the job alone. More than that: it actually looks toward the salvation of free enterprise, for it seeks to create and maintain the only condition in which a free economy can exist—a consistent flow of purchasing power. But whatever it is called, it tries to prove that democracy *can* work—provided it uses its head. And heart.

This sounds too obvious to be noteworthy. Yet much of the appeal of the Beveridge Report stems from this very affirmation of the obvious. You think it ridiculous to have to be reminded that "all people when they die need a funeral," until you realize that people who are impoverished are sometimes unable to afford funerals. There are other simple and shocking truths to be found in the report, and they come as a much-needed balance wheel for thinking that gravitates only to the complicated or the supposedly profound.

AS a specific matter, the report recommends compulsory social insurance—that is, insurance against sickness, unemployment, old age, in addition to comprehensive health and rehabilitation services. It is universal in its coverage, with no upper income limits, though it does take into account the peculiar problems growing out of different occupations or professions. Benefits, however, are not limited to employees alone, since children, housewives, and the aged are included in the calculations. Only those employed will contribute to the general fund, according to relative income. This of course would mean the elimination of the dole system in Britain: "The Government should not feel that by paying doles it can avoid the major responsibility of seeing that unemployment and disease are reduced to the minimum. The place for direct expenditure and organization by the State is in maintaining employment and labour and other productive resources of the country, and in preventing and combating disease, not in patching an incomplete scheme of insurance." For their part, the British people are being asked to realize that "income for idleness, however caused, can not come from a bottomless purse."

This not only sounds like a new constitution; it *is* a new constitution—an Economic Constitution and Bill of Rights all rolled into one—which may take its place alongside other great documents and charters in British history. It is a new constitution, moreover, all the more important and interesting because it comes from a nation where political and economic documents and constitutions are conspicuous for their rarity.

If it is true, as William James and Adam Smith and countless other thinkers and writers back to Aristotle and Homer have pointed out, that the real tragedy of war is that peace is not sufficiently more attractive—if this is true, and anyone looking back over the depression years and surveying the casualties of the peace, measured in terms of poverty and unemployment, knows it is true, then the Beveridge Report is dynamic in its implications. It not only wants to make peace sufferable; it wants to make it downright attractive.

N. C.

*SOCIAL INSURANCE AND ALLIED SERVICES. Report by Sir William Beveridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 299 pp. $1.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Skin of Whose Teeth: Part III

SIR:—There's no quarreling with Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson's detailed and documented account of similarities between Thornton Wilder's play, "The Skin of Our Teeth," and James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" (December 19). "Finnegans Wake" is a club which few of us will be eligible to join until the Campbell-Robinson "Skeleton Key" goes on sale. However, Mr. Wilder's critics pass lightly over a point which I think is worth a little more consideration. After asking whether Mr. Wilder is hoaxing us all, they concede that he makes no attempt to conceal his borrowings, "emphasizing them rather." The point is, Mr. Wilder in his first three admirable novels (I am not familiar with his highly successful play, "Our Town") was an unabashed borrower who felt, it would seem, that for intelligent readers no explanations or guidebooks were necessary.

Let the critics decide where borrowing, or "inspiration," ends and plagiarism begins. (Incidentally, Messrs. Campbell and Robinson might have devoted a line to the fact that Mr. Joyce borrowed the framework of "Ulysses" from Homer.) It is scarcely necessary to mention the "inspirations" of Shakespeare or, in our own time, of Eugene O'Neill (in "Mourning Becomes Electra"), or—in the field of music—of Bach and Liszt. And isn't "theme-and-variations" an apter designation than "borrowing?" At any rate, Mr. Wilder has played with a quite Lisztian brilliance on certain themes that came to him ready-made.

The characters of Mr. Wilder's first novel, "The Cabala" (1926), sound very much as if they came, at second or third hand if not at first, out of the author's sojourn at the American Academy in Rome in 1920-21. The book, which by now is almost as dated in manner as the novels of Carl Van Vechten and the early ones of Aldous Huxley, deals with a Rome over which, seemingly, there hung no slightest cloud of Fascism. Among the characters are a rich American lady (Princess Jane di San Faustino?—or a composite of many?), an ugly Italian duchess, a high Royalist Catholic French princess, a cardinal who loses his faith, and so on. Rather oddly—in literary form, the book bulges—there is a passage which attempts to reconstruct the death of Keats; another describing the feelings of a Hollander who in 1912 became the god Mercury; and a shipboard interview with the poet Virgil.

On the flyleaf of his last (and soonest forgotten) book, "The Woman of Andros" (1930), Mr. Wilder states that it was based, in part, on a comedy by Terence, which in turn was based on two lost Greek plays by Menander. So much for that. Mr. Wilder's earlier novel, the best-selling and movie-ized "Bridge of San Luis Rey" (1927), had the most interesting origins of all. Three of the leading characters were quite obviously drawn from life. The glamorous actress, mistress of the viceroy of Peru, appears under her real name: Camila Perichole. (She is the heroine of Offenbach's operetta, "La Perichole," which is recommended to the attention of such Metropolitan glamour girls as Risë Stevens and Gladys Swarthout.) The bustling and sympathetic Abbess, Madre Maria, is, to the life, the great and indefatigable saint, Teresa of Avila. The unhappy Marquesa de Montemayor is Mme. de Sévigné—and Mr. Wilder in his fine drawing of her character pulls off the virtuoso stunt of supplying her with letters (written for her daughter) which would not be unworthy of her French prototype.

Possibly these points about Mr. Wilder's work have been made before. What they seem to prove, taken together with the case of "The Skin of Our Teeth," is that Mr. Wilder has always needed some slight catalytic agent to bring his creative powers and his fine craftsmanship into play.

CARL BALLIETT, JR.

Mt. Bethel, Pa.

"Time, Inc. Sorry—our beefy, toothy, indolent sportseditor is out to lunch."

In Defense of Thornton Wilder

SIR:—I am shocked at the article, *The Skin of Whose Teeth*, by Messrs. Campbell and Robinson. Their comparisons are so general that similar ones might be drawn from almost any two serious works on a universal theme, and the industry of their collating suggests that of Miss Delia Bacon. But when they accuse Mr. Wilder of borrowing from Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* "the device of having the Hours pass across the stage, intoning sublime instructions," they ignore the fact that Mr. Wilder used exactly that device in his play *Pullman Car Hiawatha*, published and copyrighted in 1931. Nor can I find in my copy of *Ulysses* any page or paragraph which could be said to provide grounds for such plagiarism. Again, in an article purporting to be exact and technical, is it necessary to use such derisive phrases as "Olsen and Johnson technique" and "He" "zappopin's scrap?"

A dramatist so richly inventive, so American in theme and style as Thornton Wilder, has contributed to *The Skin of Our Teeth* a thoroughly native dialogue, episodes, characters and actions. I suggest that Messrs. Campbell and Robinson now expend their assiduity in listing this play's brilliant and original qualities. These should take them even more time than they have spent on their labored and preposterous Joycean pretensions.

Yours faithfully,

ESTHER WILLARD BATES.

Providence, R. I.

Information, Please

SIR:—If any of your readers have information regarding Ingham University, or the lives of its founders, the Misses Emily E. and Mariette Ingham, I should greatly appreciate the opportunity to use this material.

ROSE ENGELMAN.

College for Women,
University of Rochester,
Rochester, New York.

G. B. S. on "G. B. S."

SIR:—What a whopping, splendid review! [Review by John Mason Brown of Hesketh Pearson's "G.B.S.—A Full-Length Portrait," Oct. 24, 1942].

Decidedly I am one of the greatest living actors,—or imposters, if you prefer it.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

London.

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TRADE Winds

WE HAVE BEEN so all-fired busy for the past couple of weeks prying into the lives of our worthier confreres, making lists of people we forgot to send Christmas books, working on our Spring catalogue, and trying to smuggle copies of a New York newspaper through the lines of an unaffiliated union of truck drivers who didn't care whether people knew about the war or not, that we've fallen far behind with literary tid-bits. We figure that we will do well to devote this column to a catching-up process, if only to hold the franchise. Another thing that diverted our attention was a sudden resolve to become a stockholder of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, because we think it is the cheapest stock on the Big Board. In case you feel inclined to chortle at our assumption of the role of financial prophet, we must reveal that our very first journalistic chore was in the financial department of the *New York Tribune*. We still have a yellowed clipping of a touching essay that we penned on the virtues of New York Telephone 6s. Our job terminated abruptly when we advised an anxious investor to shun the stock of a certain company like the plague; "It is bankrupt, madam," we informed her —and thought so well of the letter that we persuaded the financial editor to reprint it in his "Advice to Investors" column. The next morning it developed that the company in question was *not bankrupt*. Neither was it amused. The *Tribune* apologized. We were fired. Anyhow, look into Santa Fe . . .

THE ROAD TO Alfred Knopf's office is paved with CBS correspondents. Larry LeSueur, just back from a year of distinguished broadcasting in Russia, is the latest to sign with Mr. Knopf. His book, as yet untitled, is slated for completion by April 1. It will be good . . . The current best seller on the Knopf list is Hugh Byas's "Government by Assassination." Mr. Byas is reported to have remarked "Maybe it's true that the Jap war cry is 'Banzai'—but it sounded like 'Borzoi' to me!" . . . Simon and Schuster, meanwhile, will settle for nothing lower than an ambassador. With Davies and Grew glorified by the Inner Sanctum, Essandess salesmen have tossed their sample cases disdainfully into the discard. They now carry advance dummies in a diplomatic pouch . . . Every afternoon, an imposing individual moseys about the offices of the O.W.I. in Washington with a wire basket marked "For confidential trash." We suspect that this is the ultimate destination of most of the galleys that are airmailed to Chester Kerr by hopeful publishers. . . . John Dos Passos's first novel in three years, "Number One," a story of a political big shot, will be brought out late this Spring by his new publisher, Houghton Mifflin. . . .

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY discovered that his favorite bookseller, Frank Rosengren of San Antonio was taking gold shots for arthritis. Turning to Mrs. R., he remarked, "Let me know if the old boy passes on. I'd like to attend his smelting." Incidentally, Frank reports that Perry's "Texas: A World in Itself" is the fastest selling book ever handled by his shop . . . The Book-of-the-Month Club announces another double selection for March: Saroyan's "The Human Comedy" (Harcourt, Brace) and Berry Fleming's "Colonel Effingham's Raid" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce) . . . The Literary Guild book for April will be a "sophisticated murder story" by Margaret Carpenter called "Experiment Perilous" (Little, Brown) . . .

How well your friends divined your tastes:
That book they gave—they knew you'd love it.
That's why, the twenty-sixth, you're faced
With half a dozen copies of it.

Lieutenant Richard Armour sat down and penned those words to us the day after Christmas, directly following the receipt of his sixth copy of "The New Yorker War Album" . . . Allen Ullman, of the *New York Times* Advertising Department, was the recipient of a copy of Lin Yutang's "Wisdom of China and India." His five-year old son was attracted by the colorful jacket, and grabbed the book. Allen grabbed it back. "Lay off, you oaf," commanded his wife. "Stop taking Gandhi from a baby!" . . . Possibly you can guess the identity of the two distinguished publishers who marked up one of Caesar's best linen tablecloths in the Plaza Oak Room last week in an endeavor to assemble a team of bearded literati, with the inspired notion of challenging the House of David to a ball game next season. The tentative line-up worked out as follows; Chris Morley, first base; Rex Stout, second; Ernest Boyd, third; Will Durant, short stop; George Duplaix, left field; Elliot Paul, center field; John Macrae, right field. The starting battery was a foregone conclusion: Charles and Mary Beard. A kibitzer suggested Bernard Shaw for hot-dog vendor; his famed vegetarian principles would remove all temptation to consume the stock personally . . .

ROBERT CASEY, author of "Torpedo Junction," tells the story of an aviation expert who examined a Zero plane brought down intact behind the lines

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in the Solomons, and reported on his findings to a Senate Committee in Washington. "Those darn Japs," he averred, "have become so smart that now they are imitating us two years in advance!" . . . We cannot remember who it was that put a copy of Hodder and Stoughton's 1931 catalogue on our desk, but the London publishers' leading non-fiction book that season appeared to be "Us and Russia." The author was Vidkun Quisling . . . Maurice Firuski, whose Housatonic Bookshop is every bibliophile's dream of what a rustic bookshop should look like, has been writing a brilliant and hard-hitting column every week for the *Lakeville Journal.* It's good enough for national syndication . . .

WHEN Lieutenant John Mason Brown, erstwhile drama critic of the *Telegram,* finds out what has happened to his column in his absence, he will probably have his Insides Out all over again . . . Did you read of the case in a New York court in which defense counsel pleaded with the jury: "My client may talk like a fool and he may act like a fool, but don't be deceived, gentlemen. He really is a fool!"? . . . The house organ of the Milwaukee Public Library announces "books on winter sports are to be found in great variety in the Art and Music Department" . . . Aside to sixty-seven kind readers: Of course it wasn't Ben Ames Williams who wrote "Meat"; it was Wilbur Daniel Steele. Downright carelessness on our part . . . John Kieran is shifting his base of operation from the *Times* to the *Evening Sun.* And Lucky Strike will cease to sponsor "Information Please" in February. A dozen other companies are seeking to take it over. There is no more consistently entertaining program on the radio . . .

ROBERT NATHAN, whose whimsy-whamsies have sold like all get out, is now said to be engaged with a play called "Strangers from Heaven" It's about two angels who disguise themselves as aviators, nip an appeasement plot in the bud, reform a crusty banker, and then move down to Washington. In a sequel, Mr. Nathan can tell what Washington did to the angels . . . That reminds us of another story featuring that peerless journalist, Herr Goebbels. Herr G. had wangled his way into Heaven, and soon grew pretty bored with all the peace and quiet. One day he found a book called "Inside Hades" at the celestial Womrath's, and learned that his old cronies, Hitler, Goering, Ribbentrop, *et al,* were having a mighty fine time down below. Their life was a succession of parades, triumphs, champagne, and beautiful ladies. That settled everything for Goebbels. He removed his golden halo, sneaked up behind Saint Peter, and let him have it. Of course, he was promptly banished to Hell. No sooner had he arrived there, however, than he was seized by the scruff of the neck, and deposited in a vat of burning oil. Aflame and in torment, he rushed to the devil and screamed "How can you do this to me when all my old pals are down here living on the fat of the land?" The Devil looked perplexed for a moment, and then threw back his head and howled with laughter. "You don't mean to tell me that an old hand like *you* fell for that cheap propaganda" . . .

ONE OF THE BOOKS used by that paragon of legislators, Senator Bilbo of Mississippi, in his outrageous filibuster against the poll tax bill was Upton Close's "Behind the Face of Japan." This fact was brought to light by the eagle-eyed Joseph Allen, of Appleton-Century; his authority is a photograph in *Time.* Mr. Allen also informs us that he sent a copy of "Oil, Blood and Sand: Stakes and Strategy in the Middle East" to a certain New England Senator who had just returned from the territory that is the subject matter of that book. In reply he received a form letter stating that the worthy gent was giving his all to relieve the gasoline shortage in New England, and that the Allen family had nothing to worry about! . . . It's difficult to keep up with the adventures of the absent-minded publisher of the *SRL,* Hal Smith. His latest exploit took place at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. While the traffic light was red, a man planted himself directly in front of Hal's jalopy. The light turned to green, but the gent moved nary a step. Finally Hal leaned out of the car, and gently reminded him "Say, bud, the light is green. How about getting the hell out of my way?" "Sorry, I can't oblige," replied the character. "Your car is on my foot!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS GHOSTS

Not every spook gives rise to duck bumps, as those brief summaries of ten well-known ghost stories will prove. Allowing 5 points for each title you can recall and another 5 if you remember the name of the author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. "You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of underdone potato," scoffed the unbeliever when the ghost of his former business partner appeared to warn him.

2. He was haunted not only by the ghost of the woman he had ceased to love but also by the ghosts of the vehicle in which she traveled and her four attendants.

3. Immediately after her death, this woman appeared at the home of an old friend and spent most of an hour and forty-five minutes praising Drelincourt's "The Christian's Defense against the Fear of Death."

4. Slain by the two brothers of his girl friend, he appeared to her in a vision and told her where he was buried.

5. After she had been killed in an auto accident, this charming Bohemian gave a new slant on life to the stodgy and conventional banker who had purchased her car by spending a summer vacation with him.

6. Despite the efforts of their governness, two young children were evilly influenced by the ghosts of their former governness and their father's ex-valet.

7. His father's ghost informed a prince of how he had been poisoned in his sleep and pleaded with him to revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

8. After his fruitless search for a lost girl friend, her spirit came to him in a shabbily furnished room as an unmistakable odor of mignonette.

9. Ineffective and unsuccessful all his life, he proved to be a failure as a ghost too, for he not only failed to scare anybody but he also forgot how to return to the Beyond.

10. The first of three wishes resulted in the death of this young man, the second recalled him from the grave, and the last removed him from the door step of his home.

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Saga of Historic Deeds

VOYAGES TO VINLAND. Newly translated and interpreted by Einar Haugen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 181 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD BECK

IN view of the fact that the Icelandic saga accounts dealing with the voyages to Vinland are the first recorded chapter in American history, this new translation rendered into modern American idiom is indeed a welcome addition to the vast and motley literature on the subject. The timeliness of this version of the saga sources in American garb is all the greater because of the general interest in Iceland and Greenland, the two countries most directly concerned, as those early Scandinavian pioneers on American soil were primarily men of Norse blood from these countries.

Some years ago Thorstein Veblen effectively rendered one of the most famous of the Icelandic family sagas, "The Laxdaela Saga," into vigorous modern speech; here Einar Haugen has very successfully translated the sagas in question into simple, everyday American English, and let it be said by one who was brought up on the sagas in their original language, that this straightforward linguistic garb clothes them far better and comes much nearer to their spirit than the archaic and flowery style of many of the earlier translations.

Professor Haugen has combined the accounts from the various Icelandic sources, including the two principal versions, into a continuous narrative. This makes very interesting reading and the cumulative historical evidence of the discovery is correspondingly impressive. This method of dealing with the sources is also in complete harmony with the views of the translator, who shares the opinion of Professor William Hovgaard: "The truth probably lies between the two sagas." Repeated reading and comparison of the originals has, however, made the present reviewer ever more convinced of the historical superiority of "The Saga of Eric the Red" (here called "Karlsevni Saga"), without denying historical value to certain features of the other main version.

—*Woodcut by Clifford Webb*

In several well-written and most enlightening chapters Mr. Haugen deals with the background and the various phases of the Vinland voyages. His treatment is scholarly and bears ample testimony to his wide reading on the subject; he has, however, clearly, and wisely, written these commentaries with the general reader in mind. In other words, he has achieved his avowed purpose, namely, to "sift out from the enormous scholarship of the subject those facts that seem well-established and give them a proper setting." Especially interesting are his chapters on "In Search of Relics" and "Results and Significance," marked by commendable restraint. He is quite correct in saying: "The claim of the Norse discoveries to world interest does not lie in their influence on later voyages, or on the course of world history. It lies in their own intrinsic value. They give American history a colorful opening, a series of vivid scenes and characters which we should otherwise have missed."

Where so much of fundamental value and general interest is included, it may appear like cavilling to ask for more. Nevertheless, it might have been well to state specifically in the pertaining commentary that Leif Ericson was born in Iceland, as there seems to be some confusion on that point. This is said with full knowledge of the fact that the saga source implies his place of birth, when it tells of the emigration of his father, Eric the Red, from Norway to Iceland.

The book, which should appeal to all interested in American history, is uncommonly attractive in appearance, thanks not least to the beautiful woodcuts of Mr. Frederick T. Chapman, which add color and vividness to this stirring saga of historic deeds.

The Story of Greenland

GREENLAND. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. Garden City. 1942. 338 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THERE is something about this business of being an arctic explorer that seems to turn the most mild-mannered men into controversialists. Maybe they spend the six months' winter evenings brooding on how they have been wronged. We have a good case before us. Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson would appear to be not by nature an argumentative type. He is more properly a showman; and his fundamental objective in his latest work seems to have been to present a kind of 101 Ranch Greenland rodeo, complete with an assortment of Irish monks, Hanseatic traders, missionaries, Eskimos, explorers, prospectors, Danish governors, and German aerial strategists.

The point of the book is simply that Greenland is an interesting and valuable place, of great strategic and perhaps economic importance, about which there is a regrettable amount of misinformation afloat. This point may be taken as thoroughly demonstrated before the book is ended; but the arctic flavor of controversy surrounds the whole thing. He cannot even talk about the diet of the Eskimos without using it to prove his contention that the Norse colonies were not wiped out but absorbed. Nor is he above calmly ignoring points that militate against his view, as in his neglect of the continual fog and icing conditions aloft which make the island of less value as an air base than he would have us believe; or the heavy seas and gales which cause sailors of the U. S. Navy to regard a Greenland cruise as a trip to the seventh circle of hell.

Nevertheless it is an extremely good show, a kind of Greenland encyclopedia which includes everything one would want to know about the place —how it was discovered and settled, why the colony went downhill in the Middle Ages, what various people thought about, what it is today. The book is also almost a treasury of items for the eye of Mr. Ripley. It is forbidden, for example, to bring bread to Angmassalik; the natives might acquire a taste for the stuff and make it into a necessity not always obtainable.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Jacob Marley, in "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens.
2. Mrs. Wessington, in "The Phantom Rickshaw," by Rudyard Kipling.
3. "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal," by Daniel Defoe.
4. Lorenzo, in "The Pot of Basil," by John Keats.
5. Marion Kerby, in "Topper," by Thorne Smith.
6. Peter Quint and Miss Jessel, in "The Turn of the Screw," by Henry James.
7. Hamlet's father, in "Hamlet," by W. Shakespeare.
8. The girl in "The Furnished Room," by O. Henry.
9. "The Inexperienced Ghost," by H. G. Wells.
10. Herbert White, in "The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs.

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The Last Time They Saw Paris

THE PARIS WE REMEMBER. Translated and edited by Elizabeth Finley Thomas. New York: D. Appleton Century. 1942 475 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

THE Paris we remember was a lovely and lovable town. To begin with it was (and is) the most beautiful town in the world, so well planned, so intelligible, and at the same time so simple, so human. Then it was (and is), more than any other town, studded with memories of a great historical past. The Seine flowed between two banks loaded with history. The Colonne Vendôme evoked Napoleon, the Louvre, centuries of glamour and drama; Notre Dame, the greatness of the City; the Arc-de-Triomphe, both the victories of the Empire and those of the Republic. And all this glory was bathed in the blue and golden mist which is so characteristic of the warm summer days in Paris.

Also it was (and will be) the town where the things of the mind and of the spirit were most reverently honored, the town where conversation was so good that one became delightfully intoxicated with its brilliancy, the town where writers and artists were the real aristocracy, the capital of painting, and for a long time the capital of the theatre. It was (and is, and will be) the town where women were born with a natural taste, inherited from generations of mothers and grandmothers who, living among beautiful things, had learnt to love and understand them; where they knew how to make a charming dress out of a rag and a witty letter out of a minuscule anecdote; where they were so powerful by mere charm and wit that they did not even take the trouble to struggle for a vote.

James Thurber, the brooder.

To express all this, and much more, in an anthology of the best pages written about Paris, was far from easy; yet Mrs. Thomas has just done it, and done it admirably. Her range of familiarity with French literature is astounding. It goes from very old writers like Eustache Deschamps and François Villon to very modern ones like Cocteau and Aragon. (I am so glad she chose the description of the *Passage de l'Opéra* by Aragon, which is one of the best in the book and worthy of Balzac). She gives us a very good idea of the Paris of Hugo, of the Paris of Balzac, of the Paris of Jules Romains, which are towns in themselves and resemble their creators. She also borrows much, and quite rightly, from the English writers who loved Paris, from Dickens to Arnold Bennett, from Thackeray to Le Gallienne.

The composition of the book is ingenious. First comes *The Structure of Paris,* a physical portrait of the town; then *The Pageant of History,* from Louis XVI to Edward VII, then *Manners and Customs, The Men, A Few Letters* (very well chosen), *Paris Nights and Delights, The Eternal Feminine, The Tellers of Tales* (mostly Hugo and Jules Romains, with a sprinkling of Alphonse Daudet), and lastly *The Rhythm of Paris,* a collection of poems about Paris. This is Mrs. Thomas's triumph, for to translate poetry is the most difficult thing in the world and she does it with remarkable skill and ease, passing without visible effort from the long, noble rhythm of Baudelaire to the quick step of a song by Aristide Bruant or to a classical ode by André Mary. But most of all I commend to you her translations of Madame de Sévigné.

Elizabeth Finley Thomas helps to keep the love of Paris alive.

A very welcome and useful book that will keep the love of Paris alive until once more every good American can go there and admire the city at first hand.

Thurber's Private Planet

MY WORLD—AND WELCOME TO IT. By James Thurber. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1942. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

JAMES THURBER has brooded on the plight of man for many years. No doubt there has been sadness in his heart, but laughter has trickled from his pen. Therefore he has been called a humorist, and so he is, if you consider also that Ring Lardner, Laurence Sterne, and Henry Fielding were humorists. For the most part these men were realists, and so is Thurber. Realism so-called, with its emphasis on the physical side of life, is only the reverse of the coin which, on its other side, emphasizes the emotional-sentimentality. Neither side takes much notice of the spirit.

It is the spirit with which the true realist (or humorist) is concerned: the spirit trapped in flesh, wandering about in an absurd and awkward garb, at the mercy of animal appetites, constrained by time and space, hunted by worms, stalked by death. In its dreams of escape, its pitiful alchemical attempts to transmute emotions into ideals, its efforts to reconstruct the half-remembered geometry of the cosmos in architecture and furnishings, its inability to understand or adequately deal with the animal body which holds it, there is something which, to the spirit itself, is funny. It laughs at itself, and the humorist, poor, tortured fellow, is the last to see why.

In this latest book Thurber, in majestic sorrow, continues to list the troubles of the spirit. There is language, for instance, a means of communication which breaks down utterly when the private worlds of the conversationalists are sufficiently dissimilar, as was the case with Thurber and his colored maid Della, who announced to him one day that, "They are here with the reeves." Later there was Olympy the *Russian,* whose world was also different, especially when both he and Thurber were speaking French. From language it is but a step to courtship among the insects, the only midget ever to play in the big leagues, and the woman who had it all figured out that it was Macduff who really murdered Duncan.

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The U. S. in Military History

DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE U. S. A. By Major General J. F. C. Fuller. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 416 *pp.* $4.

NONE MORE COURAGEOUS. By Stewart H. Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROGER SHAW

HERE is a *book*—to paraphrase Goethe's famous summarization. Major General J. F. C. Fuller ranks with the other more notable British military critics and historians, like B. H. Liddell Hart, and his work is detailed, readable, sweeping in perspective, and imaginative in spots where imagination is an asset, rather than a liability.

Fuller's opinionated political and economic views are another matter. Many will not agree with them, and they run continuously through his work. He does not care for "mob" democracy, nor for "money power," nor for any alliance of the two. When it comes to his native country, he is commendably objective, and in fact appears to prefer Bonaparte to Pitt, and so forth. He does not care for Bolsheviks, and was "Francophile" in the Spanish civil war, though he is hardly Francophile in current politics.

In this one-volume military history of the United States, Fuller takes up some twenty-two battles. We will list them: Trenton, Princeton, Bennington, Saratoga, Chesapeake, Yorktown, Lake Erie, Lake Champlain, San Jacinto, Contreras-Churubusco, Chapultepec, Seven Days, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Nashville, Atlanta, El Caney, San Juan Hill, Santiago, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne. In between the chapters are useful historical summaries that serve as connecting links.

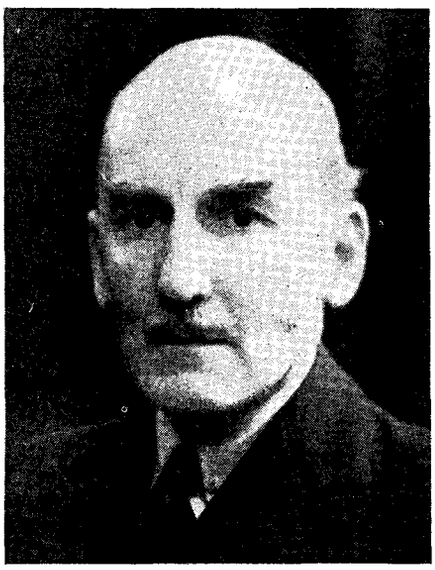
Unlike his contemporary countryman, Liddell Hart, Fuller does not care for that "Attila of the American Continent," W. T. Sherman. In fact, he prefers the original Chief Tecumseh to the Union general whose middle-name this was. But, like Hart, Fuller considers that Sherman was probably the first modern general in the first modern war. Fuller's heart is in the eighteenth century, and maybe rightly so—for never were wars so rational, humane, scientific, bloodless, or wisely "limited" as during the pre-revolutionary Age of Reason. Robert E. Lee is classed with Washington, as a man of this eighteenth-century mould—it is a curious fact that English military writers almost invariably know more about American wars (especially the Civil) than Americans do.

The reader should be reminded that Fuller also did a monumental job on "Decisive Battles: Their Influence on History and Civilization." The new American book will stand as a splendid companion volume to the previous all-world work, which appeared in 1940. Fuller's spicy lack of sentiment, hero worship, and orthodox moralizing may appear to many as particularly untimely today, but the Fuller mind partakes of the "enlightened" rather than the "debunking" method.

The notes that the Tory General appends to the end of each chapter are of extreme interest, and—all in all—here is a book to be enjoyed and proclaimed by any armchair critic or amateur historian, especially if such a reader holds conservative views and a fair world background. It has a permanent, and not a flash-in-the-pan journalistic, value. In short, it pleases by not seeking to please.

The subtitle of Mr. Holbrook's book is "American war heroes of today." It is, in content, strictly that. The book is not one of critical evaluation, but of up-to-date hero worship. It takes up the army, the navy, the marines, the subs, the coast guard, the aviators, the trained nurses, and the PT crews of "expendable" fame and fortune.

All the well-known American names are in this excellently told little symposium of tales, and some names less well-known are also included. The simplicity of Holbrook's method is both winning and convincing, and he is neither slangy nor blatant nor boastful in his reasonable claims for his heroes. There are three kinds of war books: the extrovert enthusiast sort, the introvert psychic kind, and the scientific, impersonal approach. In the last war, "Over the Top" was a bad specimen of the first; "All Quiet" a good type of the second; Liddell Hart's works excellent examples of the third. The Holbrook book falls into class I—the kind that flourishes while a war is still in progress. But it is class I at its best.



Major General J. F. C. Fuller

Captain Wermuth, the *Marblehead*. Lieutenant Wheless, the great Bulkeley, Harley Olson, O'Hare and the nine Japanese, the Tokio raid, the *Pigeon* saga, Wake Island, young women at war, Buzz Wagner, fighting Filipinos, Seaman Cullen, Colin Kelly, and many more—you can take your choice . . . "they come in all kinds." And there were, and are "None More Courageous."

There are sure to be a number of war books up this alley, but Holbrook will be hard to beat, just as his subject matter will be virtually impossible to beat. The author deserves the thanks of the public, and we think he will get them.

Map Reading

HOW TO READ MILITARY MAPS. By Roderick Peattie. New York: George W. Stewart. 1942. 74 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

FOR Joe in the army this amusing little volume will not be very much use unless he is in a formation where they have to read maps only on the rarest occasions and then only in an emergency. If he is in the services where they really dote on their maps, like the armored corps or the parachutists, they will make him learn from the very much better, more detailed (and also cheaper) official military manual. If, however, Joe is still in high school and only expects to want to read military maps some day, it will probably do him quite a lot of good as a piece of preliminary instruction. And for hikers or other persistent civilians it is a useful introduction to the subject, couched in terms that make it easy reading.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 457)

CHURCHILL:

SPEECH TO CONGRESS

DECEMBER 26, 1941

(As published in *The Unrelenting Struggle*—1942)

Still, I avow my hope and faith, sure and inviolate, that in the days to come the British and American peoples will for their own safety and for the good of all walk together side by side in majesty, in justice, and in peace.

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The Inner Novel

IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IF Mr. Hutchinson were conducting a class in the construction of the novel, he might very well offer the manuscript of "It Happened Like This" as a sort of blueprint for study, an open cross-section into which the students might peer and watch the workings. He seems to have written it in such a mood. We deduce this from the titles he gave to the Parts—"Characters Approaching an Author," "They are Brought to Book," and so forth—and from his discursive manipulations of plot. One of the chief characters is himself a novelist, who is taking notes part of the time (which we read over his shoulder) and thinking out loud another part (for us to hear). See, he says to us, here are three sets of characters and three plots, all converging very neatly and fatally. What a story I could write! There is the whimsical painter and his love affair with a simple shop-girl. There is the actor-blackmailer, trying to get all that behind him. And there is the young architect with twisted ambitions, and his designs upon the lives of his two foster-sons. Add to this the writer's love for the architect's wife, and you have quite a coil.

The whole thing is done right before us. The writer, Norval, turns from one plot to the other, draws lines of connection among them, gets involved himself in all of them, and finally draws them together to a rising, violent climax. The attempted murder of the two boys becomes the dominant theme. We know it all the time. No mystery here, but the suspense of watching all the actors move in their destined paths. The book has undeniable force as a discursive, understated study of the psychology of murder. At the same time the very discursiveness drains away some of the book's strength. The well-bred talkiness of everybody concerned, in long, rhetorical phrases that never came out of anybody's mouth, is sometimes unbearable. So much of this could have been stripped away and tightened up (and so much pathetic sentimentalism cut out) that we finish with the notion that the story is still in Norval's notebook, still to be done in finished form.

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No Ballot for the Poor!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"The Southern filibusters, by various parliamentary manoeuvres, had blocked even the bringing up of the bill."—*Press report on the defeat of the Anti-Poll Tax Bill.*

"DEMOCRACY!" we shout, "for all!"
Thousands on every sea
Today obey our bugle-call
To battle for the free.
Millions of dusky-skinned or white
Ground down on Southern soil
For a Free Man's world have fared to fight
That a despot would despoil.

But not that holy Senator
The Stone Age Politician!
If Free Men ever won this war,
Just think of *his* position!
Nay, they must pay for every vote,
Or if they cannot pay,
They're mere white trash like hog and shoat;
They cannot vote today!

"Pay for our votes? In this free land?
You mean, you have to pay?"
"Ah, brother, you don't understand!
It's a safeguard—in a way—!"
"Why, then, just *who* elected *you?*
It seems some ghastly joke!"
"Those not too poor to pay my due,
The comfortable folk."

Regard the holy Senator
Who droned for days and nights
While Free Men died in world-wide War
For Democratic Rights!
Their blood was red as any shed.
He blatted on and on,
And naught but utter nonsense said
From dawn to dreary dawn.

Our flag went forward overseas
With a shout for Men made Free.
That might have brought him to his knees.
But ah!—my friends—not he!
Democracy's heroic sons
Surged forward to attack—
He only skulked behind the guns
And stabbed them in the back!

There's blood soaked up by jungle mud
And by Tunisian sand,
The common soldier's red heart's-blood.
The proudest in our land.
God! Was it shed for you and yours,
While your hoarse voices bray,
O Orators, O Senators,
In a frenzy to betray!

Hail the exalted Senator
Who fights to keep men bound;
Who flaps his jaw in Freedom's War
That the poor be kept in pound!
Babble of prejudice, froth of pride,
Drone of moronic breath—
While, white and black, the Men Denied
Go forth and meet their death!

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The Phoenix Nest

NOT only the Day after Christmas, when thought was paralyzed, did Mrs. Charles H. Carter of North Dartmouth, Massachusetts, come to our rescue with a note permitting us to use the following in the *Nest,* saying that perhaps, after all, money should not be paid for rhapsody—but also we are greatly elated to be able to present to you her

FEBRUARY RHAPSODY ON AN UNPREDICTABLE SPRING

Whan that Aprille, with his shoures soote,
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
Come, Rhodope and Boscobel, and you shall pass the gates;
(Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris)
Shall pass the gates, and you shall see alone
Extra-galactic nebulae, dynamic instability.
Systems are whirling in the stone,
(perfecto elephanto)
A mystic sphere, a troubled cone,
Impossible facility.
Light waves transversely vibrate, vibrate.
Beyond the Alps lies Italy.
Dictators grow band- or spindle-shaped,
Panting toward perpetuity.

Now Robin will restore amends;
The mass of a moving particle depends
On the speed of motion of that particle:
Through Singapore, Penang, Capri, Mauch Chunk,
Students may weigh in thought the fleeing article.
Entropy is a measure of the commonness
Of any given State: such as New York.
O bells of Shandon that sound so grand on!
O racemose wistaria nitrogenous!
How many chromosomes are in thy cork?

Electrons circle round a nucleus;
Villanelle, Yugo-Slavia, Torquay.
And filterable viruses abound
In aerodromes along the Zuyder Zee.

Whenever a body acquires momentum.
Some other tiger, burning bright,
Acquires an equal, contrary momentum.
J'y suis et j'y reste; it happened in Europe.
Tell me, Gamaliel, am I right?

The capital of Pennsylvania is Harrisburg, where you get licenses to operate motor vehicles, but very little gas thereto.
Slow! Stop! Cogito, erga sum! Remember relativity, your relatives, and all that life holds dear.
'Tis late; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet. Yes? No?
The world turns with amazing speed while you are deciding which road to take.
But perhaps you may turn away from the world, if you have not waited too long.
It seems there is a centrifugal force. No? Yes?
It shall not be too late.
Orlando comes. And Rosalind.
The woods are turning green again with a little patience.
The world has turned with exploring fortitude toward the light and away from the light for uncounted eons. Here we go!

My Scuppernong! Parabola!
Molded in hydrochloric wax,
I see your logarithmic sines
Through spectroscopic parallax.
Ducats. Doubloons. Somebody packs
A thousand guilders into sacks.
A thousand guilders? The Mayor looks blue.
Blue are her eyes as the fairy flax.
Where is my wandering boy tonight? He is figuring out his income tax.

What men or gods are these, Dodecahedron?
What stern fixation of dull nitrogen?
What ho? What work is here? Charmian, is this well done?
It is well done, and worthy of a princess.
But this is only the beginning. You will see there is much more to be done.

Adieu, charmante pays de France, que je doit tant cherir.
Adieu, adieu, I am alone.
This is but my centrifugal telephone.
The wire are dead now; but I heard them say
The weary of heart are withered away.
And courage forever rises out of shrouds.
And countries will not always grope behind steel palisades,
Aspiring, fearful, frustrate, and alone.
The woods are turning green and gold and blue again.
Spring shall blow linked songs out of festooned and menacing clouds;
Shall mold leaves freshly out of mud;
And carve colored flowers out of a stone.

JESSIE GIDLEY CARTER.

The above is to us one of the most engaging adventures in free association we have read for some time, and makes T. S. Eliot look to his laurels—which are not all cut down by a damsight. Dr. Emanuel M. Greenberg's "Thoughts on Reading 'Boyd's Pathology' " (which comes to us from Welfare Island, the City Hospital) seems a pertinent pendant thereto:

There is no pathological astronomy,
No cosmic gangrene;
Euclid needs no phlebotomy
And relativity no morphine;
But this protoplasmic gel of ours,
Of water, salts, and lime
Is feverishly necrosing, and arteriosclerosing
To disintegrate and atrophy on time.

Mortuary thought for the New Year!

CURVACEOUS

Our dear Ole Pal, Ole Pal, Bennett Cerf, had someone ring us up on Christmas Eve, in the midst of a party we were giving for all the ramifications of our family, and had a chorus sing into the 'phone a Christmas Carol. It was then announced that charge for same would be attached to our monthly telephone bill, either thirty-eight cents or thirty-eight dollars—we were too full of New York State champagne to understand which! Bennett also sends us a note from Elizabeth Wells of Minneapolis, Minnesota, which assures him that the word "curvaceous" does exist, because somebody out in Hollywood wrote about the casting for the film of "The Ox-Bow Incident" that for the woman role "pretty and curvaceous Mary Beth Hughes was chosen." It is probably Bennett's long association with Hollywood that has made his use of English so exotic. But then, after all, he has given them all sets of the Modern Library, so he has really been a good influence. We hope some of the Grand Moguls are reading the M. L. They'll discover a lot of good books they never even heard of before! (Plug. How'm I doin', Bennett?)

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FALL GUY FOR MURDER *Lawrence Goldman* (Dutton: $2.)	Johnny Saturday, in toils for slaying rascally friend, runs into more murders and odd characters before tangled plot unsnarls.	"Redemptionists," eclipse of sun, dope smuggling, and what-not all well stirred up by active and much-harassed hero.	Eventful
THE PRICKING THUMB *H. C. Bronson* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Ostensible case of double murder and suicide in Eastern small town cleaned up by bearded detective John Bent.	Sleuth who "contempers celerity with cunction" provides sound, logical, and engrossing solution to exceptionally puzzling crime.	Rewarding
DEATH AT DAKAR *Kerry O'Neill* (Crime Club: $2.)	What happened to a heterogeneous lot of wicked Nazi spies, heroic American scribes, etc., in Dakar during earlier days of war.	Assembly-line stuff, well supplied with all needful thrillingredients but a bit too machine made for comfort.	According to formula

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CAN WRITERS BELIEVE IN THE FUTURE?

(*Continued from page 4*)

good one, but it has been checked, even frustrated, so often that it is now blocked off from energetic action. People do not know what to think and they are looking in all directions, ready to grab onto any statement that has any semblance to the inchoate, amorphous pattern yet unborn within them, or which has risen into their minds, but looks hopeless of achievement.

Here, then, is a gigantic task for writers: to bring forth and propel into action what people really do feel and want; to close the gap between what is now actually possible in the world and what we still think of as impossible; and to free the old, important, and eternal words of their stifling accretions so that we no longer shrink from their past misuse but carry them before us as shining symbols of a better world which is nearer our grasp than it has ever been had we the honesty, wit, and courage to perceive it.

I AM sure that most writers worthy of the name feel their responsibility in this time of war. They want above all things to share in the common effort. Indeed, if this is a war for freedom, how can they in self-protection feel otherwise? Their way of working depends upon freedom. No one can tell them what or how to write, or for what purpose. Leaving aside their objection, the actual inner process of writing would make it impossible to obey. But freedom means more to them than this, and they are thinking a great deal about how and what they can best contribute to the establishment of a lasting peace. I think many a man writing today has re-examined the world about him with an open mind, overhauled those of his beliefs which have no longer much of a leg to stand on, and scrutinized his vocabulary to make sure he is saying exactly what he means. He may well have followed Darwin's practice of jotting down at once any fact which did not fit into his theories. Darwin knew how readily one forgets inconvenient ideas.

Such a writer has a reasonable comprehension of reality. He understands something of the major forces operating in and between human beings, knows the general scope of man's conquest over nature, and has a feeling for the continuity of history and the long evolution of the human spirit. These are the bare bones. Any specific knowledge or understanding is all to the good.

From my point of view, the writer whose work influences people has conviction. One who does not believe very much in anything cannot persuade others to believe or to act. And conviction cannot be faked. No matter how skilfully a writer tries to omit himself, he, as well as his vision of the future, is always present in his work; his quality as a human being, his integrity, or passion, or tenor of thought, comes through and affects the reader more than anything else. Today, when, as I have said, Americans are sick of oratory and high-sounding phrases, sincerity, simplicity, and directness are more necessary than ever. And more than ever before do actions speak louder than words. Pearl Harbor—MacArthur—Bataan—the Tokyo bombing—Lidice—sugar rationing—no tires—three ships a day launched or sunk—the next door neighbor's boy killed in action or decorated for heroism—these say something. But for a guiding policy underlying such events there have to be words too. There has to be concrete expression of direction.

The writer who flows forward with the human current believes in the future. I cannot imagine how else he can contribute to it. This does not mean a distortion of fact into utopia. A good many hard-headed realists see civilization as a process, a continuous alteration. While some of them think the change is one of decay, others see it as growth, and all of them recognize the impossibility of recapturing the past, of setting it up in place of the future. But the pessimist, even if he thinks in terms of process, bitterly regrets the loss of the past, and since he thinks the future is relatively doomed he has not much to offer except perhaps stoicism. And stoicism alone never fired the world with hope. The hope which runs through the grass-roots of America seems to bewilder the European—and some indigenous—intellectuals. "The Making of Tomorrow," for example, after a brilliant analysis of some aspects of the present, comes to a dead stop before the future, apparently because de Roussy de Sales does not believe it can be hopeful.

If the future is to be anything like my idea of it, the writer who helps to build it believes in democracy: "demos"—the people. It is upon the qualities inherent in the individual, and upon their development, that the success or failure of democracy ultimately rests. Imperfections mar its present practices and sometimes dim our eyesight; but its spiritual potentialities have long been deep within us, and its material potentialities have lately been brought within our reach through advanced scientific knowledge. The rest is up to us. If we can bridge the gap between the way things are and the way we think they are, we can bring the practice of democracy closer to the dream. The main plank in the bridge is an active belief in the value, the dignity, the responsibility of the individual—all individuals over the face of the earth. It is difficult to *feel,* not merely know intellectually, that someone else is as important as oneself; but once we reach that point in personal—and communal—civilization we will no longer tolerate practices politely called democratic which have hung on from a way of life based upon an innate, immutable human hierarchy.

Many Americans are thinking these things; but for the most part they are relatively inarticulate and isolated from others who feel likewise. The words which will illuminate their doubts and confusions and transform them into resolute action, all together for a common and transcendent purpose, clearly recognized and wholeheartedly accepted, have not yet been spoken. One of the biggest parts of the writer's job today is to bring all these people together; to show them that they do not stand alone; that diversity does not mean irreconcilable differences, nor does unity mean uniformity, but that diversity within unity can be an enrichment and a fulfillment to all mankind. Every ounce of the writer's passion and skill is needed to formulate and fuse today's ideas into tomorrow's life. The democratic future, the "people's century," lies in the hollow of our hands.

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Chief of the Oglalas

CRAZY HORSE, THE STRANGE MAN OF THE OGLALAS, A Biography. By Mari Sandoz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 413 *pp., with chronology and bibliography.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

HERE we have the first full-length biography of the famous Sioux chief (1842?-1877) who led that band of Oglalas, which fought and hunted with the Sitting Bull Indians after the rest of their tribe had surrendered and settled upon reservations. The publication of such a book has long been devoutly wished for by all who care about our Western history, and a number of writers have busied themselves to bring it to pass. In particular, Miss Eleanor Hinman made long and careful research among the old-timers once intimate with Crazy Horse, and all historians in the field were well aware of her skill in obtaining the confidences of old warriors, and of the authentic nature of her materials. But now she has graciously relinquished her prior claim to the project, and has given her aid to Miss Sandoz. The result is a full-bodied and historically accurate book, which seems likely to remain the standard work on its subject. Competent research and skilled writing combine to make a most readable volume.

The author herself was reared in Sioux country, and knows Indians first-hand. She tells us the story of her hero from his first winters near Fort Laramie (where he may have seen Francis Parkman gathering matter for "The Oregon Trail"). She shows the light-complexioned, serious-minded, laconic youngster with his wavy hair (he was dubbed Curly by his pals) growing up against the background of the rising storm of white invasion. We read of his early adventures, his frustrated first love, his great vision, his qualification as a warrior, and of how he gained his famous name. As the wars grew and spread with the infiltration of white men, we see Crazy Horse truly shown as the leader of the Sioux at the so-called Fetterman Massacre, at the Wagon-Box Fight, and in other battles. We learn how he earned the high rank of one of the four Shirt-Wearers of his people, only to lose it in a brawl over the woman he loved, whom he had stolen from her first husband. And we hear how he struggled to weld the reckless, show-off individual fighters of his people into a disciplined team, fit to cope with the organized war machine of the U. S. Army.

The part of Crazy Horse in the Custer fight is well described, and it is gratifying to find the old white men's lies about Sitting Bull scotched again. For Sitting Bull is shown as taking his part in the Custer battle on the Little Big Horn. Also, the whereabouts of Crazy Horse during the Reynolds fight are made clear. Many lesser controversial points are disposed of, often without comment. The book trails on through the troubled months that followed that great, disastrous victory over Custer, as Crazy Horse hastened through a cloud of jealousies and conspiracies to his betrayal and death.

Though, of course, not including an account of every skirmish in which the Chief is known to have taken part, the book is a very well-proportioned, comprehensive biography, with the emphasis where it belongs. Some will wish to be assured that all the words put into the Chief's mouth were actually his own; others may wish that more proof of his alleged generalship had been provided; at times one regrets that more thumbnail portraits of his rivals and companions have not been crowded in. The author's Indians, too, seem to have lost the gayety which all early travellers noted in them, and it is hard to believe that Crazy Horse felt so little gusto in his fighting. But the book is crammed with fine things, and every scene where women appear is first-rate. We have the picture of a great-hearted, brave, doomed man going, in spite of a cloud of misgivings, to his all too early death.

The book has two omissions. There is no index, and the bibliography does not include the titles of published sources—even those on which the author obviously drew.

Biography of a River, 1864-1937

OLD MAN RIVER. By Robert Hereford. New Orleans: Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1942. 301 *pp.* $3.50.

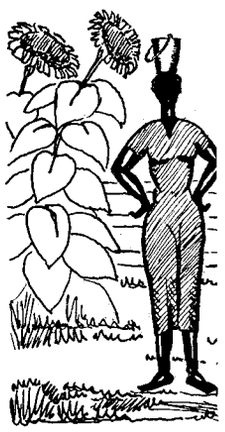
Reviewed by ROARK BRADFORD

THE Mississippi is a very special river in America and few are the outlanders who have been able to do more than feel dimly her witchery.

The United States engineers spent years of scientific study and followed with years of prodigious mattress building, cut-off dredging, and levee raising. Finally, General H. B. Ferguson, who supervised this enormous task of flood control, announced the river was safe from flood and that another overflow was impossible. Simultaneously, Dr. I. M. Cline, the great meteorologist, turned his attention from hurricanes to flood crests, and developed a system for scientific predictions of river levels.

This was in the spring of 1937. Remember?

That was the year the Mississippi provided Pare Lorentz with a "set" for his picture that Hollywood could not even imagine:



Coast guard patrol needed at Paducah!
200 boats—wanted at Hickman!
Levee patrol: men to Blytheville!

It was predicted the river would get higher. It didn't. It simply got wider.

We who live on the river understand it and we like it. We understand each other, too. Outlanders come and write the river and the river people. We don't mind; we just laugh. But occasionally an outlander comes and writes about the river with understanding and we like that, too.

Comes now Robert Hereford with a book called "Old Man River." Since Mr. Hereford was born in the Philippine Islands but grew up in St. Louis this makes him a near miss of an outlander. I feel certain that Mr. Hereford was secretly pleased—just a little pleased—that the River always fools the big-shot engineers. And that Captain Louis Rosché was none too sorry the River couldn't be harnessed.

Mr. Hereford's book is sub-titled "The Memories of Captain Louis Rosché, Pioneer Steamboatman," which Mr. Hereford has taken the liberty to write in the first person. It covers the big fine robust era of Mississippi River life from 1864 to 1937: river gamblers and Yankee soldiers; roustabouts and romance; war and peace. Captain Rosché was enough of a riverman never to allow a few facts to spoil a good yarn and Mr. Hereford is gifted enough not to check too closely. There's no social significance here, no economic theories. It's simply what Lyle Saxon calls "a good readin' book," and mighty pleasant readin' it is.

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Mormon Folklore

MORMON COUNTRY. By Wallace Stegner. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 349 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by MAURINE WHIPPLE

THIS is a potpourri of tales, legends, and impressionistic sketches —a sort of literary salad composed of many unrelated ingredients from the humble spud of the Salmon River country to the exotic pomegranate on the banks of the Gila.

Few modern writers have Mr. Stegner's talent for the apt and telling phrase and in writing about the earth he so obviously loves—this Western earth of the Mormons—he makes you actually hear the "grassy guggle" in the irrigation ditch, see Monroe Mountain "smoke with moonrise," and smell the "scorched ground" of this "country that calls for wings." Moreover, in handling his characters, whether fictitious people like Miltond and his girl in the first chapter, or historical people like Uncle Jesse and Everett Ruess, Mr. Stegner has a tenderness and a sympathy that not only create flesh and blood but make you love the result no matter how many laws they transgress.

In fact, it seems a waste to beget such completely lovable folk as Milton and his girl only to snuff out their haunting vitality in one chapter. You end up a little exasperated at Mr. Stegner. Apparently it is a favorite device—this using of creative writing as a come-on to lure the unsuspecting reader into comparatively dry expositions of the theme. Inevitably the book leaves you with the feeling of betrayal you knew as a child when you were presented with a luscious piece of molasses candy which you learned afterward had been well spiked with senna.

However, "Mormon Country" fascinates you to the end and anyone interested in the Western scene will want to finish the book at one sitting. Mr. Stegner has undoubtedly done American folklore a fine service in preserving a few of the more "Bunyanesque" of the old legends while they are still available. Much research has gone into the book and some of his material, geologically as well as historically speaking, will be new even to scholars of the country. His point that Gentiles such as Father Escalante, Jed Smith, and Powell were as devout and unselfseeking pioneers as the Mormons, themselves, is well taken. I wanted to cheer when I read what he had to say about the Gentile scientist, Earl Douglass, and the Mormon Apostle, J. Golden Kimball—and for precisely the same reason.

It is my opinion that there are some inaccuracies in the book, although, perhaps, they would be apparent only to one who was born among these people and subsequently spent a lifetime studying them. Also, in spite of "Milton and his girl," I had the occasional impression that Mr. Stegner regarded the Mormons as a whole from the typical "outsider's" viewpoint; that in spite of his fifteen years' residence, he never really understood or "got next" to the people. He wrote up all the scandals like great comets blazing across the sky but he never even saw the daily folk-life, the little stars which lighted the heavens night after night. He says in one place that the Mormons are not a colorful people; perhaps that is because he never really knew them; or, perhaps, as a collection of Mormon Country tales, this book is doomed to leave the reader dissatisfied because, in the author's own words, it is written about a country "that breeds the Impossibles."

Add Ozark Tales

AND GREEN GRASS GROWS ALL AROUND. By Marguerite Lyon. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1942. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE adventures of a city couple on an Ozarks farm have already been told in part by Mrs. Lyon in "Take to the Hills." Readers of that book will be pleased to know that the author's mountaineer neighbors did not lynch her when the book appeared using their real names; on the contrary, they were amused and even flattered to find that they were literary material.

It is also pleasant to know that Mrs. Lyon's homemade jam factory is still prospering; that after thirty years Uncle John has finally got those new splits on the roof and Aunt Lizzie has thus been enabled to clean the spare room—that snake that fell through the roof into the mess must have gotten away through the chink at the chimney. Aunt Lizzie doesn't have to set pans under the holes any more, but the cessation of the drip into the tin didn't help Aunt Lizzie's sleep—the first night it rained Uncle John had to sit up all night tapping on a dishpan so she could get her rest.

This is the general texture of the incidents and anecdotes the author has gathered. A little anthropolgy and philosophy are thrown in and some cookery with Ozarks recipes that sound worth trying.

The materials are genial and amusing, without exception; very much in the warm vein of the late Della Lutes.

New Mexico Story

THE COMMON HEART. By Paul Horgan. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 398 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

THIS novel, by the author of "The Fault of Angels" and "A Lamp on the Plains," is about New Mexico, where Paul Horgan has made his home and his reputation. In particular, it has to do with the State's principal and most typical Anglo-American city, Albuquerque. The author is sensitive to environment in all his work, and New Mexican country has a way of becoming a factor, even almost a person, in any story for which it is the background, so that we find that strange and beautiful region, so relentlessly itself, so unchangeable, playing a large part in the book. The sky determines most things there, with the result that the people often seem smaller and of less account—even to themselves—than they do elsewhere.

Horgan writes with skill, subtlety, and a beguiling simplicity, as always. He can make us forget that most of his characters are hardly of a calibre suited to the country, or to the patterns of really great novels. There is good in all of them, a good which gives them and the story value; but adolescents and shallow women do not give a writer of Horgan's power enough matter to show what he can really handle. Where he takes hold of a strong, various character, he puts us to admiration. His work is excellent; all I would say is that it is not here as good as he is. A novelist, even less than a biographer, dares not work with people who are his inferiors as subject-matter; there is always the danger that they will bring him down, even as an artist, to their own level,—worse, they acquire a false simplicity, and may end by being simply false, because of the apparent ease of handling them. In this moving, well-written book, there are strong characters. Paul Horgan has presented them ably. And now that he is a Captain in the U. S. Army, we may confidently expect that he will encourage him to tackle even tougher problems with even greater success.

Doubleday, Doran & Co. and Curtis Brown Ltd. announce that this year's prize of $400.00 for the best novel by a student at one of the writers' conferences has been awarded to Joyce Horner of Frederick, Maryland, for her book, "The Resultant Rhythm." Miss Horner was a student at the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, at Durham, N. H. Her book is planned for Spring 1943 publication by Doubleday, Doran.

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STREAMLINING THE CONSTITUTION

(*Continued from page* 6)

government, suggests a series of "minor reforms" including a better voting method, insists upon the need for a more flexible amending process, and advocates (now, and without waiting for his broader reform) the setting up of a "Central committee" inside Congress which Congress could appoint exactly as a cabinet is appointed, with one man as leader. "Congress could allow such a committee to initiate its legislation, to prepare its bills, to prepare a legislative program to submit to Congress and a time table for debate, and to perform the other functions that a cabinet normally performs." Shades of Speaker Cannon!

There is much food for thought in these propositions. If there were any chance of the American people adopting such a program, it might represent a serious danger. But even Hazlitt's *League for Constitutional Reform* is not too likely to bring such a change about. Lest the common man be blamed for lack of imagination, let us agree that the real reason is the lack of understanding of how political processes work. Hazlitt displays a nineteenth century belief in formal constitutional provisions. It corresponds to the author's rather old-fashioned economic outlook.

For Hazlitt's argument is built essentially upon the views of parliamentary government set forth by Bagehot and John Stuart Mill. As far as America is concerned, Hazlitt's leading authorities are Bryce and Woodrow Wilson. Now eminent though these writers were, and significant as were their views for their own day, they can hardly be said to have had a grasp of what have become the realities of both British and American politics today. All of this goes to say that it is difficult to keep detached as one reads one flat opinion after another set forth by the author as the gospel truth without evidently even an awareness of the more recent (and far more scientific) studies in this field. No trace can be found of such writers as Jennings and Smellie and Finer on the British side, nor of Charles Merriam, Lindsay Rogers, Herring, Luce, and scores of other searching students of the realities of American politics. I am no great lover of the long footnote, but Hazlitt's treatment neglects the work of others too much. In fact, about the only prominent modern writer in this field whom Hazlitt deigns to refer to is W. Y. Elliott who in his "The Need for Constitutional Reform" set forth a carefully considered proposal for basic political changes.

Agreement on the score of the need for reform is well-nigh universal among American students. It is equally so among British writers on the subject. Indeed, both systems are undergoing rapid change at the present time. Whether this change is in the right direction, and whether it calls for formal implementation is a matter on which thoughtful men disagree. But whatever one's views on that score, it is pretty generally felt that each system has to evolve or be reformed in terms born of its own peculiar spirit.

Mr. Hazlitt at one point "confesses" that he is an economist who has been disappointed in the legislative product. Throughout his book, there runs the premise that the "expert," meaning no doubt the man whose economics Hazlitt approves, will prevail, if the "system" is made to work better. This is an illusion common among engineers, economists, and other technicians. They seem unaware of the disagreement among the experts themselves which accounts for as much of the confusion of our time as does the legislative machinery. Still, if Hazlitt's critical views stimulate discussion of the basic issues of constitutional democracy in the postwar world, they will have served a very useful purpose. His architectonic approach has the great value of challenging the imagination. If Mr. Hazlitt is a bit of a White Queen, it is no doubt due to his concern over the future of free institutions—and in this concern we all share.

The Way for the Aggressor

PEACE BY POWER. By Lionel Gelber. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 159 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

THIS little book presents a very much needed approach to the problems of war and peace. Though it too may be regarded as one-sided, it is an indispensable corrective to the many much more one-sided opinions so current for the last twenty years and even held by many today. For the last twenty years "high minded, ostensibly liberal arguments" have vindicated "the most destructive illiberal forces in modern history." Ceaselessly repeated slogans like "have" and "have-not" or that nations bent on conquest could be made reasonable by economic concessions (a fallacy found as much with Chamberlain's Right of big business as with the Left of liberal and socialist thinkers and journalists), all these and other innumerable theories have blinded the sense for political and moral realities alike.

Dr. Gelber offers strong arguments against some of the more widespread fallacies. Many people are today hating British imperialism more than German conquests. Many have for twenty years hated the bogey of France's militarism and lust for domination more than German re-armament. They pleaded for all-round disarmament as if nations who had only one hundred guns each could not fight as well as those who had ten thousand guns each, and especially as if they could not before or during the war build up all the armaments necessary. Armaments in themselves are no cause for war. "For arms piled up in a good cause are not the same as arms piled up in a bad one. Just as power is a tool of policy, policy must be the criterion of power." Nor does economic competition lead to war by itself. There was at least as much economic competition between the United States and Great Britain as between Great Britain and Germany. Nor is economic prosperity an assurance of peace, for Germany in 1914 was at the peak of prosperity and Russia more prosperous than she has ever been. Nor are political concessions: Hitler came to power in Germany not in 1923 when the French were in the Ruhr, but ten years later when the occupation had long ended. The propaganda against Versailles was strongly applauded by the West, though it was in reality a propaganda against the West, its security and its philosophy of life. And finally when Tokio, Rome, and Berlin began to act on a soil, well prepared by their propaganda, many regarded their actions as necessary and inevitable movements of adjustment to some higher form of life than the status quo.

Dr. Gelber's little book does not tell the whole story. That is not its aim. It is a pamphlet written in some parts in the great manner of former pamphleteers, sharp and incisive, thoughtful and brilliant, a pamphlet which carries a much needed warning. It should be widely read and pondered. It does not offer any complete program, but it states some principles which cannot be disregarded without the danger that, on account of false illusions or insistence upon standards of perfection on our side, we shall again create a second long armistice, in which the foundations of ordered and free society will be threatened by new aggressors to whom moral nihilism will have paved the way.

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The Crostics Club

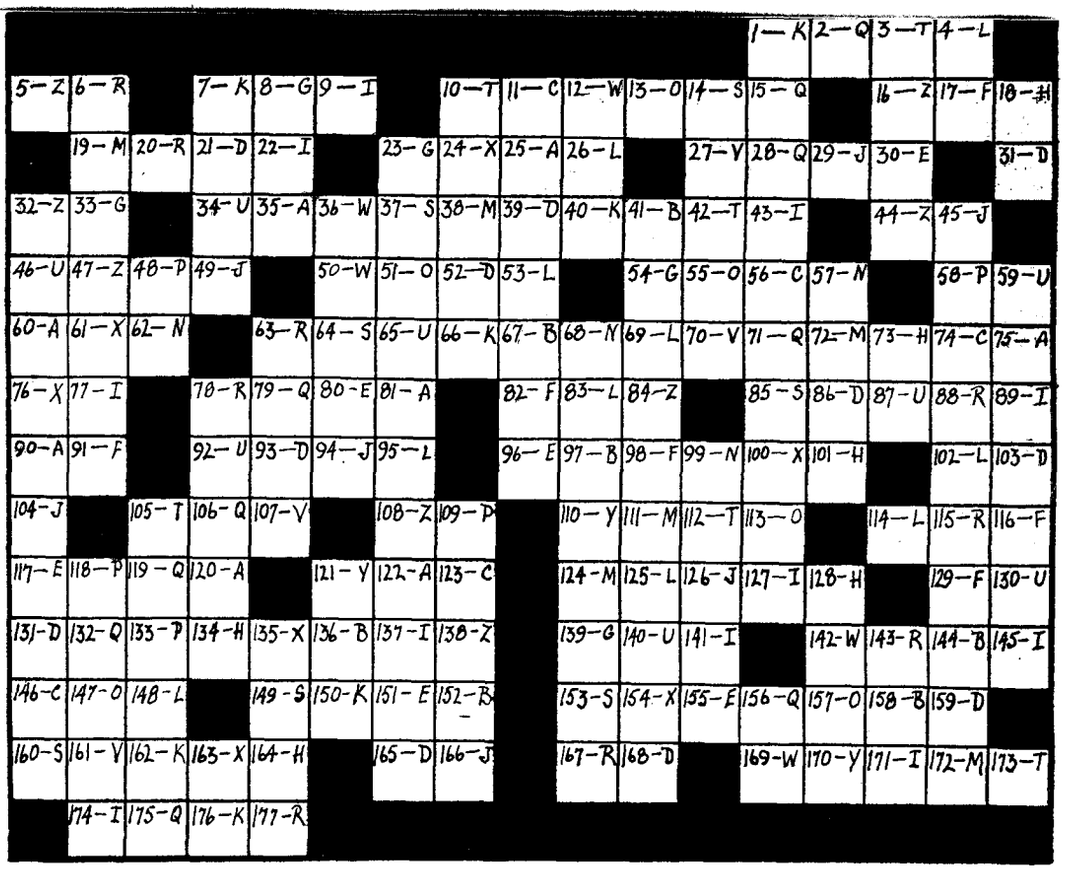
OMITTED from last week's column for lack of space was my greeting meant for Xmas but now placed at the head of the column for Yuletide. It is adapted from Ogden Nash: May the giblet gravy and cranberry sauce *accompany* your turkey and mashed potater and not be served *after* the latter fare—not merely now but through the year!

In the *N. Y. Times Book Review,* Dec. 20, is reprinted Nash's "A Carol for Children" as the "best Xmas poem for our immediate time." In Series No. 14, out next spring, you will find a quotation from that poem selected last summer. Thus the *Times* column and I chance to agree, just as the editor of an anthology and I may, but I did not take my choice from him. Talking again of anthologies, in Lin Yutang's admirably comprehensive one on "The Wisdom of China and India," I've come across some Chinese and Indian words already used in my DC's, like *arhat* and *amitibha,* and more to use later. We are bound to meet them elsewhere as our post-war relations with these countries develop.

Several have written good-naturedly to call my attention to the host of new words in No. 452. Mrs. T. W. Todd, a partial shut-in, Palo Alto, Calif., etches her out-of-date abridged dictionary, "set in its ways," cleverly voicing its comments on each of the DC words it doesn't contain. Another puzzler anonymously scribbles across the diagram, "Done as usual without refs, but this time "Keeper, sweep out the padded cell! One more like No. 452 and I'll need it." I think I've told you what a joy it is to find a balanced variety of letters to work with, thus enabling me to pick up a similar variety from dictionary or notebook. In my delirium I suppose I forget that you do not share that joy. Now, only yesterday I was able to change *Swithin,* the weather Saint, to *Swithiod,* preserving the *w* and *h* but giving most of you a new word—a region between the Black and Caspian Seas from which Odin and his divinities are said to originate. Did you think of him as from that *southern* region? It recalls my astonishment in studying "The Kalevala" to find that the Finns were not Scandinavians but of Magyar origin, like the Hungarians, but somehow separated from their roots. Parts of "The Kalevala" were found among Tartar tribes in Siberia of Mongolian origin.

For those who enjoy hearing of celebrities who do DC's: That versatile humanitarian, Deems Taylor, in reply to a question of music criticism, introduced himself to me to the effect that inasmuch as my DC's made a mess of his days, he didn't see why he was writing to me at all!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 458

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Famous Marlboro victory.

B. Member of an order of solitary monks.

C. Composer of a famous Bolero.

D. A genus of deep-sea eel-like fish with spiny and soft fins.

E. To bring with one to the material world-said of spirits.

F. Feebly pretentious.

G. An opiate; a soporific.

H. Exclamation of contempt or disappointment (slang).

I. The official Nazi rallying-song.

J. The American flying squirrel.

K. French genre-painter (1684-1721).

L. Insecurely financed; irresponsible (comp.)

M. Intrinsically considered (2 wds.)

N. Any field of granular snow.

O. American humorist and illustrator (1862-1924).

P. An Indian of a tribe of the Cahita group (Mexico).

Q. A widely distributed breed of English sheep—superior mutton and fleece.

R. Dull; stupid (comp.)

S. Gives; communicates.

T. A lease or leasehold right.

U. Affording a more direct than the ordinary way (comp.)

V. A famous Arthur Train creation.

W. A stage in a development.

X. A plant whose leaves are used for salad.

Y. A viper of Shakesperian fame.

Z. A Talmudic academy (Jewish).

WORDS

75 122 120 25 35 90 60 81

41 97 136 144 67 158 152

56 74 11 146 123

21 168 31 131 39 52 86 103 93 165 159

117 155 96 80 151 30

91 17 129 98 116 82

23 54 139 8 33

128 73 18 134 164 101

89 171 137 174 22 127 77 43 145 141 9

126 104 49 29 166 94 45

1 7 40 66 150 176 162

148 4 53 114 26 83 102 69 125 95

38 124 72 172 19 111

68 57 99 62

13 157 113 55 147 51

109 133 58 118 48

15 175 79 106 156 119 28 71 132 2

78 20 167 177 143 6 88 115 63

64 149 153 85 37 14 160

42 10 105 173 112 3

65 130 87 140 92 34 59 46

161 70 107 27

50 142 36 169 12

76 24 135 61 154 163 100

121 110 170

18 84 138 32 44 108 5 47

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